



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

NEWSPAPERS devoted to family reading and others which devote an occasional column to domestic affairs, continually keep us worried as to what we shall do with our boys and girls, and our wives and ourselves, and our relatives *et al.* I am doubtful if this sort of thing does much to direct parental minds to the choice of a proper avocation for either boy or girl, but if anything is accomplished it is likely to be in the direction of making some employment popular and consequently overburdening it with people who seek to make a living in that particular way. Discussing this matter with a friend who has a numerous progeny of his own, he suggested it would be a good idea if the only thing which cannot be overdone in Canada could be popularized. Of course that only thing is farming, including stock-raising, dairying, etc. The modernizing of farm-houses was suggested as being likely to make the agricultural business more attractive to the masses. It was agreed that if farmhouses had bath-rooms and hot-air furnaces, good cellars and ice-houses, telephones, postal delivery, good roads, and all that sort of thing, farming would be a much more agreeable occupation than it is. Nevertheless, the more we discussed the topic the more fully convinced we were that the majority of those who avoid farming nowadays, do so because the whole tendency of those who have been at school in towns and cities, or who have earned a living in such places, is to remain in close contact with their fellow creatures, regardless of the privations in other respects which they must endure.

This brought us to a point where we discussed the possibility of farming being carried on by people who live in small towns or villages. Everyone who knows Europe will have recognized the fact that even the peasants like to live in a village of some sort, and will rise an hour before their labor begins and trudge miles to their work in preference to living in a cot or shanty adjacent to the fields in which they are employed. If some system could be instituted in the new portions of Canada where Old Country people could be assured they would have plenty of company in the evenings, a school near at hand, and places of meeting which would not be difficult to reach, it would greatly facilitate emigration. Then the baker, the butcher, the store-keeper, the postoffice, the school and the boarding-house would rid farm life of some of its lonesome terrors, privations and extraordinary burdens. Having settled this point, we discussed the possibility of such an enterprise. In the city men come to work from a long distance, afoot, by trolley cars or bicycles, and subject themselves to considerable inconvenience in order to have a piece of land and some trees around their house. Why, we argued, could not this be reversed and a community established, the people of which would go to some inconvenience in order to live within earshot of one another and yet work in more or less distant fields? Why should not trolley cars take men to work from a town to the country as well as bring them from the country to a town? On the western prairies the building of trolleys suitable for such a purpose would be a very inexpensive affair, but fuel is dear and the running of them might cost more than could be afforded; though it must be remembered, on the other hand, that living near the doctor, and the school, and the postoffice, and all the conveniences of village life, might reduce the cost very considerably.

In some sections of Ontario there is a vast amount of unoccupied, and even unsurveyed land, which could be reclaimed from the forests and lakes, much more adjacent to a general or export market, and with plenty of timber, much more desirable and perhaps more productive than the prairie. Plenty of wood means plenty of warmth; the presence of lakes and rivers means an abundance of fish; waterfalls in many cases would provide ample electric power for heating, lighting, and the running of two or three little trolley lines in various directions. Those who lived too remote from the village could send their children to school, and receive their mail or medical attendance very easily with such a means of transit. Cheap construction, inexpensive cars and small cost of management would make the expenditure for each individual very slight, and I think the idea of settlements being formed on such a basis will be the next and most attractive novelty in the peopling of some of our unoccupied country.

The idea of unutterable lonesomeness is appalling to the mind of townspeople, and it is particularly so in the case of people who live in a thickly populated region, such as Great Britain and Europe. Remove this terrible sense of prospective isolation, and hundreds of families would be willing to go out and till the soil. Eliminate from the proposition which must be made to the family asked to emigrate, the fear of cold, the idea that their children cannot get to school, that in case of necessity a doctor cannot be obtained within a reasonable time, that in the long days of summer the wife must sit alone, dreading wild animals and Indians—for these fears still are associated with the name of the back woods of Canada—and then most attractive will seem the scheme of farming in the back woods.

I feel that if I were a woman I would rather live on a crust within an hour's touch of civilization and the appurtenances thereof, than have plenty in a place where it might take me days to reach the church, and school, and doctor. I reiterate the idea of the doctor, because there is nothing the average person dreads more than being sick in some place where one cannot receive help. This sort of thing is not only true of women, but of men; and it is not strange that young fellows who are unmarried and who feel that they should not simply take a wife to make a housekeeper and drudge of her, dislike the idea of farming in some isolated place where to see the faces of their fellowmen they must make a journey.

It is the elimination of this feeling which makes it possible to gather a colony for emigration purposes more easily than to prevail on single or isolated families to attempt home-building in a new country. Wheat-farming is popular in the North-West as opposed to mixed farming, because the former necessitates residence on the soil only during the period including seed time and harvest. With such an idea as the one I am suggesting for discussion, mixed farming would be possible, for the animals and the food for them could be taken into the thickly settled portion in the fall and handled on the co-operative principle. With plenty of water and warmth, and nearness to market, nothing would be impossible for such a settlement to grow within the limits set by the climate. In Ontario the nearness to market would save large freights. By running a trolley a couple of times a day through a ten-mile settlement, even the stock left upon the farms could be easily attended to; and not only would the work be lightened, but the contiguity of the people, discussion of methods, and the possibility of Government instruction would speedily add to the excellence of the products. Throughout the settled portions of this province the farmers have arrived at what is generally considered the minimum of privations and the maximum of amusement such as they have been used to. Yet the boys desert the farm and the girls do likewise as soon as they have an opportunity. In the unsettled portions, the cheapness of land is at present the only argument to be advanced to attract people. This being the case, it is worth the attention of those who have the interests of human kind and the country at heart, to discuss seriously any project, no matter how chimerical it may seem, which will make farming more

generally sought after as a business. The more farmers we have the more manufacturers we can support; the more the country is settled the bigger the cities will grow; and it is a question if it would not be wise for the Government to go the length of establishing experimental farms at certain points, where the unemployed from the cities could be sent, housed, and superintended under Government control. I have long held that every man has a right to a chance to work and the living which his labor should bring him. I think in some such way as this—of course the suggestion is very crude—such farm life could be made not only profitable, but enjoyable for those engaged in it, and would lead to the very best results.

THE church parade of the local military on Sunday, while the squadrons of the United States and Spain were bombarding one another, brought out the crowd and the enthusiasm of Torontonians, and no doubt the feeling was intensified by the war spirit which is abroad in every country just now. I think it may be safely said that no other city of its size in the world can produce as fine a lot of volunteers, and we are justly proud of them. There is something in the sound of the tramping feet of uniformed men which sets the blood moving faster in one's veins; probably this instinct is one of

contingency. This time Argentina is the object of her wrath, which it must be admitted is much of the same sort as that manifested by the wolf when quarrelling with a sheep for muddying the stream from which they were both drinking. The fact that the lamb stood below the wolf and the mud could not go upstream, made no difference; the quarrel was persisted in, and the last heard of the sheep was from within the wolf. As far as I could learn the facts of the boundary dispute during a recent visit to both countries, Chile has always had a little more than her share of everything going. The war with Peru enlarged her boundaries—conditional, of course, on the payment of a further indemnity—and this success begot what it is to be feared will be begotten in the United States by its successful campaign against Spain. The lust of war is distinctly a Chilean attribute, and finding no nation with whom they could quarrel after Peru, so woefully defeated, at last so abjectly surrendered, they fought with one another, and for the number of men engaged it was probably as bloody a revolution as any in history, excepting the one which took place not more than three years ago in Peru.

Imagine for a moment the legitimate government of Chile administered by President Balmaceda being objected to because he was spending the indemnity received from Peru in school-

was only one bottle of beer in the place. This was seized by a private, and immediately demanded of him by the captain of his company. He refused to give it up, and was instantly shot dead, and twelve men were killed before that bottle of beer was drunk. Yet these men were comrades in an insurgent company and fellow-countrymen. It is useless to multiply instances, for these are sufficient to show how reckless of life these people are.

Now it is announced by *El Tiempo*, the chief paper of Buenos Ayres, that "Chile has resolved to demand from Argentina an answer before June 15 definitely settling the boundary question." This paragraph has an innocent sound in the North, but to Peru, Bolivia and Argentina it means war, and not a comparatively bloodless war such as is being carried on by the United States and Spain, but one of those desperate conflicts in which men of the same race, language and religion engage for personal and national aggrandizement—or for existence. It may be interesting to tell a little story of the dispute, though the main-spring of the whole matter is the possession by Chile of a marvelously complete army and navy which they cannot support.

Early in the century, it may be remembered, Buenos Ayres, the principal province of Argentina, was captured from Spain by a British general, the grandfather of the present Lord Beresford, if I remember correctly. He left for England, and shortly afterwards the country was wrested from Britain and the British flag hauled down in the city of Buenos Ayres owing to the poltroonery of General Whitelock, who was afterwards court-martialed and cashiered. Had Britain retained her hold in South America that whole continent would have been influenced by her presence; but the disturbances created by the capture of the country, and later on by the expulsion of the British, led to the freedom of Argentina from Spain. By the aid of the British, Chile also freed herself from Spain, and is to-day by far the most pro-British of all the Latin-American republics, five-eighths of her trade, it is said, being done in pounds, shillings and pence, and the trade is from the country of that currency. The boundaries of both countries were indefinite, as, indeed, were the boundaries of all the countries in America, both north and south. The agitators, Generals Miranda, San Martin and Bolivar, one after another, between 1808 and 1825, led to the foundation of the various republics, each of which had a very indefinite notion as to where its boundaries began or ended. Over these boundaries extraordinary disputes and frequent wars have taken place.

Beginning with Mexico, the United States seized Texas and California. Mexico, in her turn, seized large slices from Guatemala. British Honduras, with a treaty signed during the last year, captured a slice of Yucatan from Mexico, and so on, down to Patagonia, the fight has gone on.

Paraguay in a boundary dispute with Brazil fought for thirty years, until it is said that there are thirteen women to one man in that emaculated republic. Venezuela is now disputing with Great Britain, and certainly each republic has its own grievance against its neighbor. As to Argentina and Chile, they agreed that the summits of the great peaks of the Andes should be the points of their delimitation, and for years they have been trying to erect tablets at reasonable intervals to indicate where the line comes in the valleys. Patagonia has become extinct as a country and Chile managed to seize the Straits of Magellan. When I crossed the Andes in November last, I saw the camps of the engineers who were fixing the limitation posts, and at the same time I got an idea of how difficult it was to cross from one of these countries into another. The railroad there does not go as our Canadian Pacific does, from coast to coast, but ends at a convenient point on the Argentine side and begins again at a more or less convenient point on the Chilean side. The interval between the two, one has to travel in wagons or by mule-back. Some day I propose to write my experience of the mule trip through the mountains when the snow was deep in the passes, but it is too long a story to tell just now. It is enough to suggest that these passes, when filled with snow, are exceedingly difficult and dangerous, even to the individual traveler carefully escorted by guides.

In this connection let it be remarked that the ultimatum said to be delivered by Chile to Argentina must be refused or accepted by the 15th of June, which is the beginning of winter in the mountains of that country, and just about the time when these mountain roads are absolutely impassable for an army or any large collection of people. There is not food enough between the termination of the Argentine railway and the Chilean railway to feed a hundred people at a time; there is no population, and from the time I left one point until I reached the other the only living things I saw were a small bird and a condor, excepting, of course, the animals in our own train.

Now you have an idea of how Chile is situated. It stretches from the southern boundary of Peru to the Straits of Magellan, and in some instances the habitable and workable part of it is not more than fifty miles wide. At the north it is protected from invasion by the deserts of Arapiqui; on the east by the Andes, which south of Peru are almost impenetrable during the winter, which lasts from June until the end of November. On the south it has the narrow, dangerous and ice-clad Straits of Magellan; on the west the smiling Pacific, which is dominated by the Chilean navy, and the great port of the republic is protected against ordinary shipping by the most treacherous winds and currents of the great south-west. Remembering these points, we can see how strongly Chile is entrenched, for in her winter time she can only be attacked by way of the sea.

Argentina, on the other side of the Andes, has a territory almost equal to that of Canada, only it stretches from north to south instead of from east to west. It has every variety of climate and is without doubt the coming nation of South America. Her population is a trifle over four millions, nearly seven hundred thousand of whom live in the capital, Buenos Ayres. Probably twenty-five per cent. of the whole people are Italians, who, not being massed in a city slum as they often are in America, are a progressive and prosperous people, willing to fight for the country of their adoption and able to make a good showing in the field. Every time Chile has bought a ship Argentina has endeavored to do likewise, until the Queen of the Rio Plata has a great many ships which are badly manned and indifferently officered, for Argentina is not a maritime power. Like the people of Chile, the Argentines are enthusiastically loyal to their country and their flag, and on land they could whip Chile very easily, but at sea there is not a doubt but that the Chileans would give them a frightful drubbing. The prayer of Argentina has been for peace for a couple of years longer, for every day the country is getting more people and better equipping itself for war, fully convinced that there is no settlement to be made with Chile except by the use of gunpowder. Such is the situation between Chile and Argentina, the latter country hastening railroads both to the southern and northern passes so as to push her troops across the mountains in case of difficulty. This is being met by Chile forming into cavalry squadrons her famous horsemen, who when aroused are more devilish and dangerous than the Cossacks, fearless and swift in their movements and deadly in their assaults.

This is not the whole of the trouble, however. When the



Field Marshal Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts of Candahar, V.C., G.C.B.

From a photograph sent by Lord Roberts to Margaret Elizabeth Curran of Toronto, for reproduction in oils.

the many remnants of savagery which we have retained and the world will retain until the end, but it is warning, and for the moment at least lifts the mass out of absolute selfishness. Where our interests are so intensely the interests of individuals, it is well there is something in us which keeps in mind the fact that we are only atoms of a nation and that we are all marching to some music, either martial or commercial, or social or religious, or something else. Nothing is more unfortunate for a nation than to be so driven by despotism that individuality is crushed, except it be a condition when the individual is so intensely selfish and regardless of all other interests than his own, that government becomes nothing but an ephemeral administration of affairs held together by self-interest or prompted by hate. While in Canada we should not try to work up a Jingo sentiment, yet the Government of this country can well afford to deal fairly, and even generously, with the militia which in so peaceful a manner cultivates a proper patriotic spirit by reminding the public that the dangers of war are not national alone, but hang heavily over every individual, while the maintenance of peace is the cause of all. If on Sunday our lads had been marching as some of the volunteers of the United States were, to take ship for service in fever and war-stricken Cuba, Toronto would surely have thought more seriously of the causes which led our neighbors to interfere, and of the results to us if successful interference makes them a nation of more aggressive and domineering busybodies than they have been in the past. For this reason we should always bear in mind that two points are very distinctly defined in this country: sympathy with the United States and what it is doing as far as it is being done for the sake of humanity, and obstinate objection to it as far as it is for the purpose of aggrandizement.

VERY recently I referred to the great strength of the Chilean navy and the warlike spirit of the people. While suggesting that Spain should endeavor to borrow the Chilean navy, it was remarked that Chile could not possibly support it with her present revenues, and must either sell or lend it to some foreign power, or else go to war with one of her neighbors. For some time she has admittedly been preparing for the latter

houses, public works, and matters of national concern, instead of squandering it upon an army and navy which Chile did not need and could not support, for the country has less than three millions of people including the Indians. Congress, instigated it is said, truly it is to be hoped, by the Church, determined to overturn the Government. It was then what may be called one of the bloodiest revolutions in history took place. The admiral took the navy, except one ship and a couple of torpedo boats, over to the revolutionists. The army was not altogether faithful, and the fight began. The revolutionists began their operations in the most northerly province—the one taken from Peru—and though this is separated from the populous part of the republic by a great desert, the navy made it possible for them to attack and successfully defeat the President's forces at Con Con and other points in the neighborhood of Valparaiso, thus obtaining possession of the whole situation. Brother fought against brother, and it is a matter of history that few of the wounded were permitted to survive if the machete of an opponent could reach his throat. Even the cross floating over the hospital, it is said, afforded little or no protection to the wounded, and the chief general of Balmaceda's forces, while almost in *articulo mortis*, was taken from his cot, killed and mutilated by insurgents who really had no grievance against him. Balmaceda himself committed suicide to save himself from a similar fate. This is not said to incense anyone against Chileans, for in times of peace they are pleasing and hospitable people, but to indicate how bitter they can be in time of war. Another instance might be added. When Valparaiso was invested by the revolutionists the foreigners were protected by marines from the ships of the various nations. The insurgents had the city to themselves, and yet next morning there were three hundred corpses staring at the incoming sun, the victims of bloodthirsty comrades incensed by liquor and madness for plunder, who killed one another in personal altercations. Yet another instance. Near Iquique in the north, where the great nitrate beds are, an Englishman who had charge of one of the stores of a nitrate company told me that after winning a little fight a company of the insurgents came into his *tienda* and demanded liquor. As it happened, there



revolutionists were fighting President Balmaceda they promised Bolivia, which is an inland country, a port on the Pacific if they would remain neutral. The Bolivians accepted this promise, and ever since the success of the revolutionists have been demanding the fulfillment of it. The Government of Chile, it is said, have been willing to grant them a port, but the populace have refused to sanction any such proposition. The latter contend that if a port and means of access to the same be given to Bolivia, that country, for favors in another direction, will make it over to Argentina, which would thus give the Argentines, the traditional enemies of Chile, a point of advantage on the Pacific coast. The refusal of Bolivia's demand for the fulfillment of the promise was tantamount to a declaration of war, yet, restrained, it is said, by Argentina, Bolivia has remained quiet. Added to this is the old feud between Peru and Chile for loss of the province containing the rich nitrate beds, the millions of indemnity and the thousands of Peruvians who were slain. The exit to the ocean Bolivia demands would, if granted, be practically a neutral zone if the province taken away from Peru is not returned by the payment of an indemnity. Therefore in the coming war, Peru, Bolivia and Argentina will have the same object, the defeat and humiliation of Chile. It will be hard to accomplish this, even though Chile is practically bankrupt, but no other ending can be anticipated; and though the war may be a protracted one and immensely expensive, I feel quite confident that when it is over Argentina will extend from ocean to ocean, Bolivia will have her Pacific province, and Peru will prosper in spite of the internal dissensions which heretofore have caused her history to be written in blood. This broil has been brewing for years. Chile must fight or sell her navy, and, elated by conquest and almost invariably victorious in diplomacy, there is very little doubt but that she will engage in the war, so that we shall still have war news to sell, even though Spain is called off by the Powers or heart-broken by defeat.

COMMODORE DEWEY is to-day a greater man than President McKinley with the people of the United States. The hero of a nation of hero-worshippers, upon whom praise is being lavished by the nautical critics of foreign countries, were he to arrive in New York or San Francisco to-morrow he would be borne aloft on the shoulders of his wildly enthusiastic countrymen, and he no doubt deserves the prominent place in public vision which he occupies. Some time ago I was traveling in a far-off sea with a commander of the United States navy and a British captain. The two sailors talked by the hour of matters marine, and amongst other topics the efficiency of the United States navy was discussed. The Commander held that Dewey was the strongest man in their navy, having been in the service since '61, an officer under Admiral Farragut, and a sea-dog of the old school. The Commander told many stories of Dewey's experience in the China seas and his voyages up the rivers when the United States navy was a very small wooden concern in that part of the world, and these well authenticated tales inspired respect. The Commodore was not a man to wait for orders, but like Farragut he proceeded to attend to business in his own way, and it appears as if the way wasn't a very bad one, for weak as the Spanish fleet at Manila was, it took accurate knowledge and a great deal of daring to enter at night and be prepared for the cannonade in the morning. He must have had information of the route pursued by the Spanish fleet when it went to sea and returned, but even with such knowledge it is difficult for a man to make up his mind to risk his fame and his ships in the darkness of a strange harbor which may have been newly mined.

The name of Captain Mahan came up in the same discussion, but in altogether a different connection. The books of this United States naval officer are esteemed the world over as exceedingly clever, and his Marine Tactics, it is said, has very largely influenced the procedure of the British navy, while his able essay on the effect of naval power in modern wars is said to have led to many of the increases in the United States navy which found it better prepared for naval combat than ever before in its history. As captain of a warship Mahan was a distinguished failure, yet his success as a writer and the fact that he has been called to the Navy Department as adviser, indicate that many men can tell others how to do things which they are unable to do themselves.

THE tide of democracy was not running in the United States so swiftly in the old days as it runs now. The people had not been weaned from the idea of central and almost supreme authority, and the tacit if not the avowed intention of the framers of the United States constitution was to have a kingdom without a king, but evidently the mob has usurped the powers which it was intended the President should exercise, and it is doubtful if the United States is not now more like a democracy without a president than a kingdom without a king. This is not said in belittlement of President McKinley, who did his best to restrain mob rule and the demands of the populace for war, but to indicate that no president, no matter how strong he is, nor how solidly backed up by the interests of the business men, can resist the clamor of those who not only vote, but shout.

THE arrest of the British Consul in Santiago de Cuba for shooting one of a crowd which mobbed him, is likely, if the report be true, to make things very interesting in the eastern end of the Pearl of the Antilles. British warships are reported to be already hastening to the spot, and we may be sure that the prisoner will be immediately released or the town will be shelled. I was in Santiago eight years ago, in the winter, and my recollections of the city incline me to the belief that it is a very unfavorable place to be in jail. The eastern part of Cuba is more unhealthy than the west, and even in the winter time the sun baked down on that filthy and fever-stricken place in a manner which a man at liberty would hardly tolerate except for the requirement of wealth. The city was paved with big square stones about two hundred years ago, and the streets have never been repaired since. All the filth of the houses is thrown on the streets, and odors which would keep a carrion crow at a distance rise up like steam. Spanish-American prisons are not built on the style of the Kingston Penitentiary, nor even the Central Prison. Rats and vermin and parasites of all sorts are present in numbers sufficient to move everything except the walls and the heart of the jailer, and I pity any white man who has to endure such torture. Viewed as a city from the bay, Santiago occupies a beautiful site; viewed from a drive through its streets it is hard to conceive of anything that to a greater extent reeks with filth. The official part of the town is cleaner, and the club where the planters and wealthy men of the city and vicinity congregate is delightful. However, as the British Consul's imprisonment is unlikely to be in the club, but will only afford him a horrible remembrance of where he was once permitted to go. It is rumored, however, that the trouble has been settled.

IF the populace of Spain engage in a revolution and the people of Cuba and the Philippines cannot be restrained from embroiling other nations in the present disturbances, there is little or no prospect of anything but a final wiping out of the colonial possessions of the once great and magnificent kingdom. England and the United States seem to be acting together as if they understood what they were after, and this fact may antagonize Kaiser Wilhelm. France has large interests at stake; Japan is in the deal, supposedly as a side partner of Great Britain and the United States; and it is quite possible, unless the matter is settled very promptly, that a general European war may result over the Cuban embroilment. At the present moment, however, it seems certain that Spanish dislike of Britain's friendly attitude towards the United States is likely to draw the great Anglo-Saxon nations closer together than they have ever been. The incompetence shown in the defence of Manila and the hide and seek policy of the fleet which was at Cape Verde, seem at this moment to prove that Spain is unfit to administer either her colonial possessions or domestic affairs, and the sympathy which once went out to her is liable to weaken in its force if something great is not accomplished at once. It is always these weak nations which embroil greater ones, and the whole thing may end up in a big European war, or within a week it may die out like a flash in the pan.

One thing at least has been demonstrated, and that is that

the world has been so re-created that a nation without coal and coal stations cuts very little figure in modern naval warfare. Therefore, Canada stands as the citadel of Great Britain on this continent. It has coal on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; it has harbors which are natural fortresses; and Great Britain must see to-day, if it never realized the fact before, that without Canada the Empire cannot exist. So, too, Canadians must see in the probable fate of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, that without Great Britain we cannot exist. It is a great lesson, well worth the learning by both the Mother Country and the premier colony.

ASSESSMENT COMMISSIONER FLEMING, after over six months of coaxing, has made a report on the Victoria Square project, and a very unfair and misleading report it is. From the beginning he has been opposed to the scheme, and he seems to have forgotten that he is no longer the czar of Toronto, but the paid servant of the people expected to act as chief clerk in a department for the advantage of the citizen and not for his personal glory. The discussion which will be aroused by his report without doubt will prove him to be wrong, both in his premises and his conclusion, and what will not be without influence in the public mind is the fact that he was either unable or unwilling, in the face of both Mayor and aldermen, to place himself on record long ago. Why his personal animosity to a project which is for the good of the city and which in reality will not cost those who are not directly interested a solitary cent, should so warp his judgment and cause him to act as a partizan, will hereafter have to be explained. His allusion to the scheme damaging other sections of the city probably refers to the fact that the movement towards the City Hall will leave vacant other portions of the city. Commissioner Fleming cannot take his little broom and sweep back the tide, but the City Council should be careful to make arrangements in advance of the tide such as will beautify what by popular vote has become the center of the city. That the government of the city in the past was overwhelmed by what was perhaps an unexpected growth, is no reason why that change and growth which is clearly indicated by recent events should not be taken advantage of and the magnificent picture presented by the City Hall properly framed so that the buildings which cost us millions may loom up in all their magnificence. Mayor Fleming was always shrewd, and everyone knew that his shrewdness turned everything to his personal advantage. Commissioner Fleming is also shrewd, and his attitude towards Victoria Square suggests that his present view is also his own advantage. Don.

#### Our War Diary.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.—So far nothing of importance has occurred in the war between the United States and Spain. The shelling of Matanzas by Admiral Sampson appears to have been a trifling, no doubt an experimental, affair. The U.S. navy has captured several Spanish merchant vessels. To-day Portugal declared her neutrality, and the Spanish fleet must leave the Cape Verde Islands, where it has been idly lying for some time. Commodore Dewey with the U.S. Asiatic Squadron yesterday left Manila, near Hong Kong, for the Philippine Islands, and is expected to crush the Spanish fleet off those islands and capture Manila.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29.—The United States to-day issued an order for an army of 8,000 men to be moved from Tampa, Fla., to Cuba. This is done to create a base of operations, and it is expected that Matanzas will be the point of landing. The transports cannot start for some days in any event.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30.—The steamer Paris, which was said to have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, arrived safely at New York at 3 o'clock this morning. The Spanish fleet yesterday left Cape Verde Islands. The vessels fit for serious service steamed towards Cuba, while the inferior boats started apparently for the Canaries. It is to-day feared that Spain will bombard New York or Boston. No news has yet arrived from the Philippines.

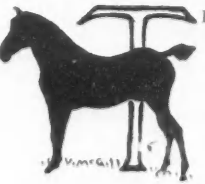
SUNDAY, MAY 1.—By daylight Sunday morning Commodore Dewey's fleet had entered Manila bay and a fierce fight resulted. The cable is controlled by Spain and she claims the victory, but admits that the flagship of Admiral Montojo, the Reina Maria Christina, and the cruiser Castilla, were burned, while none of the attacking ships were destroyed. Later in the day it was made plain that Commodore Dewey had almost entirely annihilated the Spanish fleet, two ships having been burned, two sunk to escape capture, and the others driven under the guns of the fort, more or less damaged, while Dewey drew off to prepare to reduce the forts and capture the town.

TUESDAY, MAY 3.—It was freely conceded that the Spanish fleet at the Philippines was annihilated. Yesterday Dewey resumed hostilities. The Spanish commander refusing to surrender Manila, and now the cable has been cut. It is supposed that the forts have been destroyed, and it is said that Dewey has demanded a complete surrender of Manila within twenty-four hours or he will to-day shell the town. It is learned that the U.S. gunboat Nashville off the Cuban coast captured the Spanish mail steamer Venezuela, with General Vicente de Cordero, his staff and one hundred Spanish soldiers. The Spanish fleet that left Cape Verde has not yet been heard from.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4.—Further news from the Philippines cannot be had until Dewey's despatch boat reaches Hong Kong, for even if he possesses Manila the cable is not in service. It is proposed to send U.S. troops on a fast steamer from San Francisco to the Philippines. Madrid has been placed under martial law, and the Republicans and Carlists are conducting rival agitations against the Queen Regent and her ministers. It is asserted that Manila had only sham fortifications, no search lights or torpedoes in the bay, and the fleet consisted of wooden vessels sheathed over with iron. There are riots in Valencia and every reason to fear that Spain will soon be in a state of revolution. Admiral Sampson has been away from the fleet off Havana and is supposed to be cruising off Porto Rico in wait for news of the Spanish fleet. It is rumored that this fleet has actually put back to Spain for reinforcements.

THURSDAY, MAY 5.—Commodore Dewey's report of the battle at Manila is reported to have arrived, containing the information that the United States Squadron lost several hundred men killed and wounded. The Baltimore lost 200 men, and the Petrel and the Concord were badly damaged. The exact extent of the damage and losses cannot yet be ascertained. Commodore Dewey asks for supplies for three months and 2,000 troops. The fate of Manila is still in doubt.

#### The Horse Show and Military Tournament.



THE opening of the Horse Show and Military Tournament was rather a gathering of the military than the usual Horse Show. Officers by dozens in smart uniforms were here, there and everywhere. One was ushered to boxes or seats by men in rifle-green, in white and plaid, or in the Body Guard blue and silver. Every where suggestion of the tournament overpowered the aforetime horse atmosphere of the Armouries at the great spring gathering. People turned out well. His Excellency of Aberdeen with the Countess, who wore a dark blue gown with touches of yellow, the Horse Show colors, and looked well in it, and a bonnet with a bunch of yellow posies on one side; the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, who wore an exceedingly smart light gray frock, a big white box, and a pretty spring hat with a good deal of white about it; Mrs. Fred Mowat, who was in a cream white gown and looked very nice indeed, as she always does; Lady Douglas of Hawick in royal purple relieved with white, a purple hat and a fresh youthful tint, her rosy cheeks veiled with a white lace veil, and her hair prettily dressed; and Lord Douglas, Major Denison, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Charles Melnes and Captain Mowat as aides, were the members of the Government House party and invited guests to the center enclosure on the tan-bark. Mr. Stewart Houston, tall and grave, as became the serious occasion, read the address of welcome, to which His Excellency made a reply, one of his nice little bright speeches, full of interest and good-will. Then the show and tournament was declared open, and Lady Aberdeen was presented with a splendid bouquet of American Beauty roses, breathing delicious perfume all about. The boxes were pretty well filled. Along the front row I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Morrow in a rich dark green velvet dress and hat; Miss Benson, in dark blue, with blue and white hat; Mrs. Eber Ward, in a *fiancée toute heureuse*, in a braided navy blue frock and a charming little hat of violets, spangled quills and fancy straw, with a pretty smile for her congratulating friends and an air of perfect content. Further on a smart boxful of tailor-made dames were grouped; one particularly natty coat with scarlet revers opened over an immaculate shirt-front, and worn with a black and white hat being very becoming. Late on in the afternoon welcomes were flying about to Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss and Miss Maude Hendrie, who

dropped in for the musical ride. Mrs. Hendrie wore her favorite dark heliotrope, with a bonnet and white veil; Miss Hendrie's hat was lovely, with rose-colored flowers and large soft fronds of maiden-hair fern; Miss Maude wore a fawn rose-lined wrap and a tidy little toque. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Mr. Percival Ridout and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macpherson were a much welcomed party, and everyone surrounded them for a shake-hands. Her ladyship wore black, a rich big hat and a pretty rose therein being very becoming. Miss Kirkpatrick wore a Prussian blue gown with pale pink vest showing between revers; Mrs. Willie Macpherson wore a pretty fawn tailor-made suit and a dapper little springlike hat; Mrs. Riddell was charming in a perfect little frock of shepherds' plaid and black plumed hat; Mrs. James, Miss Peggy Gooderham and Miss Edith Staunton were of her box party. Mrs. Drury was welcomed by all, and sat in one of the line boxes. Mrs. Victor Cawthra, in a walking suit and coat; Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cawthra, Mrs. Wolf Thomas, Mrs. McCullough, and many another *modish* young matron were seated near the center entrance. Sir Frank Smith was able to be out, though looking as if he had indeed had a serious illness, and with his family group occupied a front box. Mr. Charles Coghlan and three of his company were seated near the center entrance. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Farrer, Miss Ethel Williams of Goderich, Mr. and Mrs. Treble, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mr. David Walker and a family party, and Mrs. Forester, were a few others I remarked at the opening. The Musical Ride was, as usual, a delightful feature of the show, Trooper Lamothe doing his part in a markedly graceful and clever manner, even in the rescue scene when those hideous dummies sent the spectators into gales of fun. Major Lessard won first prize in the lemon-cutting act, Dr. George Peters coming in a good second. Both victories evoked clapping and congratulation. Colonel Drury was the admired of all admirers in his smart uniform, into which he was surely melted; he was one of the judges in several military contests. Lady Gzowski and her party sat near the central well. Mrs. Carlyle, in a green gown, and Mrs. Patton were among the visitors. Many persons had guests down for the opening. Miss Mackenzie of Benvenuto being with Mrs. Porteous of Montreal. One of the sons of Anak, who graces our paddock for Race Meet, was also down for Wednesday, Mr. Collin Campbell of Montreal, as popular as he is big—a nice man.

The evening of Wednesday was the assurance of the success of the new departure, though there was a good deal more tournament than horse show, and the scarlet dominated the blue and yellow to a noticeable extent. The parade and march-past was a great card, and the "little surprise," when the mass of troops faced the Vice-Regal box and the flower-garden of grace and beauty around it, and Bandmaster Bayley came trotting across the tan-bark and conducted the rousing refrain, sung by the full strength of the parade, of Rule Britannia, made the Armouries ring with wild applause, led with enthusiasm by His Excellency, though the first clap was given by that hearty well-wisher to our soldier boys, Sir George Kirkpatrick. The flower-garden aforesaid was indeed a sight, excellent in tint and beauty any former exhibition of Toronto's fair. The Morrow box, with Mrs. Morrow in gray brocade; Mrs. Eber Ward, in white, with broad ribbons folded on the pretty corsage of delicate tinted *ombre* flowers and a hat of jet and velvet with several up-standing, white ostrich plumes; and Mrs. Percival Ridout in a stunning costume of white and black. The Riddell box, where Mrs. Riddell was a picture in a New York frock of pale blue and smart hat, and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth in large hat and green-and-black gown touched with pink, was much admired. The Hendrie box, where Miss Hendrie, lately home from a long sojourn in Paris, wore a very smart fawn gown with touches of reddish orange. The Carruthers box, with Mrs. James Carruthers and a couple of young people all in exceedingly smart array. The box occupied by Sir George Kirkpatrick, with her ladyship in white brocade satin with bodice of tucked rose *glace* and pretty hat, Mrs. Cattanauch in a very delicate and rich gown and Miss Kirkpatrick in dove gray, were a party much visited and admired; Mrs. Willie Macpherson in a rose-colored frock and hat crowned with roses, and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt in her daintiest silk gown of shaded burnt orange with guimpe of tacked white satin, were young matrons every where admired. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss White were interested and knowing critics of the good horses, as was Mrs. Arnoldi. Mrs. Herbert Cawthra and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Lally McCarthy in a charmingly pretty gown, Mrs. Drury of Kingston, Mrs. Harry Patterson's guest, Mrs. Porteous of Montreal, Mrs. Mackenzie's guest, Mrs. Hume Blake, congratulated on all sides on her husband's prize-winning. Mrs. Melfort Boulton and many other stylishly gowned women were promenading or adorning the boxes on Wednesday. The judges are a handsome and distinguished party, the military men especially being exceedingly marked for dignity and good looks. A pretty touch, showing refined sense of the fitness of things, was evidenced in the selection of the floral presentations to Lady Aberdeen and Miss Mowat, for while the rich red roses made a most appropriate tribute to the Countess, the nosegay of lilies-of-the-valley and violets was the most suitable possible to present to the maiden mistress of Government House. In the afternoon Major Denison, A.D.C., was in his uniform with much gold cord and dignity, but in the evening the well known pale blue facings were seen here, there and everywhere as the most fun-loving and good-tempered of aides greeted his many Toronto friends. One of the new and interesting events on opening night was the physical drill of the Queen's Own, who in their white jerseys, blazoned with the regimental crest, went through their gymnastics to music in faultless style. Horse-people said very good things of the jumping, and of the horse-flesh generally, and the new intricacies arranged for the musical ride were cheered to the echo. Special cars, running over special routes, conveyed most of the big crowd home in short order, and the arrangements in that way were extra convenient. On Thursday the Grenadiers' and yesterday the 48th Highlanders' bands took charge of the music in their capital style. The Q.O.R. band plays this afternoon, and the Grens. make music for the closing night of the greatest success known in Toronto. The Tournament-Horse Show magnates were invited to luncheon at Government House on Wednesday, and in the evening the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat gave a dinner-party in honor of their Vice-Regal guests, at which some score of guests were present. The invitations included General and Mrs. Gascoigne, Minister of Militia and Mrs. and Miss Borden, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Denison, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. Charles McInnes, A.D.C., Capt. H. F. Wyatt, A.D.C.

Every week the charms of life *en villagetur* are on the increase, and the rendezvous on the cliffs at Scarborough, where the Country and Hunt Club-house is perched, finds a crowd of merry wayfarers assembled on the smallest excuse. Last Saturday society turned out in great force to the last meet of the season (really, all these "last" reunions and "farewell" recitals make one feel quite blue just now). Captain Forester hunted the pack in the absence of the Master, and a very good-sized party turned out. A crowd took tea at the Hunt Club and a few remained for dinner. I heard a visiting male remark that an unusual number of beauties were in the gay party and that they looked unusually well.

The little bird says that several manly bosoms will shortly be adorned with reminiscences of the visit of the Spanish Ambassador, in the shape of decorations. A prominent medical man and several others are supposed to be in the good graces of Spain to that extent, and we shall probably be called upon to admire some choice little jewelry before very long.

The many friends of Mr. Will Rose were shocked to hear of his death in New York last Saturday while returning home with Mrs. Rose from South Carolina, where he had been for the past two months in search of health, and much sympathy is felt for his widow and three little children in their sad bereavement.

A rumor is going about of the engagement of a military dignitary and one of the prettiest of our young contingent, a girl as sweet as she is pretty.

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## Social and Personal.

**T**HE closing reception of the season was held at Government House last week, and partly for that reason, partly to meet the members of the Spanish Legation, and partly because McConkey's tea-room opening had enticed an unwonted crowd down town anyway, there was a very full attendance at the reception about five o'clock, and many stayed until the last moment. Sir Oliver, unwearied in courtesy and always ready for a funny story and a pleasant chat, was all over the place, greeted everywhere with pleasure and returning the greeting warmly. Miss Mowat, in her favorite white frock, and Mrs. Fred Mowat divided the onerous duties of receiving and welcoming. Commander Law was, as usual, ubiquitous and unwearied, and I think the last was the brightest of the Thursdays at Government House. Senor Don Polo y Fernabe and Senor Attache Almeida were the only ones of the Legation who turned up, and they were perforce late, for the Ambassador had been holding a reception of his own at the Queen's and had a busy time of it. Everyone who met Senor Polo carries the remembrance of a pleasant word and a hearty handshake, and all regret his departure from Toronto, where, no matter how sympathies go in the international scrap, he won good feeling and friendship personally. Senor Polo is now on his way to Madrid, where his senora resides, and where, let us hope, things will have settled down before he arrives. Senor Juan du Bose, the Cambridge man, who found several of his college comrades in prominent positions in Toronto, lectured on the Cuban question in Massey Hall on Thursday.

The reproduction of Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Curran's capital painting of Lord Roberts on our front page recalls her excellent military paintings which were so much admired in town some short while since. Mrs. Curran is a daughter of Mr. Richard Fuller of Claremont, Emerald street, Hamilton, and her pictures of the Soldiers of the Queen are especially correct and beautifully minute in detail, every trapping and tiny distinction being carefully and faithfully painted. A pleasant letter from the great "Bobs" himself tells of his satisfaction with another portrait from the same brush. I believe Mrs. Curran has already made one or two miniature copies thereof for enthusiastic soldiers.

On a recent Tuesday evening Mrs. and the Misses Matthews gave a charming dance at Wyckwood, on the north side, for their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Hostetter and Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, which, in spite of the wretched night, tempted most of the invited friends. The artist's studio was a lovely sitting-out room, and the bare and waxed floor of the large salon was in fine condition for the dance. A good orchestra was in attendance and a very dainty supper was much enjoyed by everyone. Among the guests were: Miss Chadwick and Mr. Grayson Smith, Miss Stella Morton, Messrs. Pack and Mr. Eustace Bird of Barrie, Miss Evans and the Misses Roberts of Parkdale, Mr. Ashworth, Mrs. and Miss Allie McCollum, Miss Barrett, Miss Monck, Miss Canavan, Miss Lamport, Miss Geddes, Miss Ethel Palin, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Charles Lewis-Evans.

It is learned with regret that the popular secretary of Y.W.C.A., is Elm street, Miss Bennett, has tendered her resignation and will reside with relatives in the city. She has always been the loquacious of the institution, for her never varying courtesy and sympathetic manner have drawn many hearts to her, and not only resident boarders but transient visitors and servants lament her determination to leave a position where for years her good management and Christian influence and kindness have been so very judicious and beneficial.

The ladies' committee, a coterie who are interesting themselves in the success of Herr Rudolf Ruth's recital on May 9, includes the names of these prominent and influential ladies: Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. William MacKenzie, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. J. M. Treble, Mrs. Dickson, Miss Covernton, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. R. Darling and Mrs. J. Murray. Mrs. Ross Robertson has not been able to assist owing to recent sad bereavement.

Pretty Mrs. Patterson of Embro has been visiting Mrs. Arthur W. Ross in St. Vincent street for a fortnight and returned home to-day.

Miss Agnes Sturgeon of Kincardine is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Walker of 11 Grenville street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Snider were prevented by certain war regulations from sailing as they intended last week from New York. They left last Saturday and will return via Montreal.

Mrs. Sandys of Catham, who has been for the winter with her daughter in Toronto, left for home last week.

Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan have been down east for a short sojourn. It is hoped that the change will be beneficial to Mrs. Sullivan, who has been far from strong this spring.

Mrs. Cockburn, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Zane, in the South, returned home this week, accompanied by Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Frederick Plumb and Miss Dickson are stopping at Sylvan Tower.

The well known trim and martial figure of Major Waterbury was seen about town one day last week. The major, who is a retired officer of the 13th United States Infantry Regiment, resided in Toronto with his handsome wife for a season since his retirement, and has since been a member of the United States colony at

Cobourg. But breathing patriotism and martial ardor from every pore, the major left for Washington on Wednesday afternoon to offer his services and experience to the President. "For I am not too old to fight for Old Glory," said the true-hearted soldier.

The news of the death of Mrs. Holland, mother of Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, was received with regret, and condolences are heartily offered to the family, all of whom are esteemed highly, particularly the kind and popular mistress of Culloden. The funeral took place Friday afternoon, April 29, to St. James' cemetery.

Mr. James Crowther has leased Cedar-mere, his Cobourg summer residence, for a term of years. Cobourg is fast becoming a favorite resort of Southerners, and the large houses in the neighborhood are changing hands at a great rate. This summer promises to be a record-breaker of visitors from across the line. Cedar-mere is to be a very swell pension.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smellie, and family, of 34 Avenue road, leave town next week to occupy Mr. Grant Ridout's cottage on Center Island until October. Later in the season they will be joined, as usual, by Mr. Norman Macrae and Mr. G. Harold Muntz.

A quiet marriage united Mr. Ernest Rolph, C. E. Crows' Nest Pass Railway, and Miss Florence McMichael of St. George street, daughter of Mr. W. S. McMichael, on Wednesday evening, April 27, at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Olive Walton was bridesmaid, and Miss Jessie McMichael, only sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Although the guests were few, the wedding lacked nothing of beauty and elegance, the bride's gown being a lovely creation of rich white satin and rare lace, and the veil being the same one worn by her mother at her marriage. The house was beautifully decorated in pink and white with loads of flowers and palms, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Plummer. The bride's going-away gown was of fawn cloth with hat to correspond. Mr. and Mrs. Rolph left for Fort McLeod after the ceremony, and carry with them the best wishes of hosts of friends. Some substantial cheques were among the very handsome wedding presents, and the groom's gift, a magnificent diamond and pearl "keeper" ring, was much admired.

Many friends who received the hospitalities of the officers stationed with the 13th U.S.I. at Fort Niagara last summer and afternoon, will regret to hear that the regiment has been ordered south, and is now at Tampa Bay. That fine old soldier, Col. Alfred T. Smith, always the essence of hospitality to his visitors at Forts Niagara and Porter, Buffalo, is probably seasoned against the scourge of the South, yellow fever. Mrs. Smith, who was a popular visitor here last summer, with her little son, is still in Buffalo.

## Society at the Capital.

Cards are out this week for the wedding of Miss Lily Scott, youngest daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott, to Mr. George Desbarats, C.E., which is to take place in St. Joseph's church on Tuesday, May 17. After the wedding a reception is to be held at Hon. Mr. Scott's residence, Daly street. The only bridesmaid is to be Miss Blair, daughter of Hon. Mr. Blair.

Mrs. Dobell entertained society on Monday and Tuesday last at two large and very successful At Homes. Mrs. Dobell's At Homes are always most successful, as she combines the faculty of being a perfect hostess with an excellently adapted house for entertaining.

Miss Dobell leaves this week for New York, where she will attend the wedding of Miss Bonner, a bright New York girl who spent part of last winter in Ottawa.

Mrs. Maclean Macdonald of Toronto is one of the many visitors in town at present. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod Stewart at their pretty place, Dalreign, in Stewarton.

The engagement was announced last week of Miss Ethel Hamilton, eldest daughter of His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec. Miss Hamilton has recently been staying in Toronto, where she has hosts of friends, with her sister, Mrs. Martin.

Captain Campbell is a brother of Lady Jephson, who is a leading light in both social and literary circles in London, Eng.

Mrs. Neilson, wife of Lieut.-Col. Neilson of Kingston, is in town, staying with Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Edgar.

Miss Norton-Taylor of Kingston arrived in town this week. During her visit she will be the guest of the Ven. Archdeacon Boert and Mrs. Bogert.

Hon. Mr. Edgar and Mrs. Edgar gave a large and most successful dinner party on Thursday evening of last week. The table was most effective, being prettily arranged with red and white roses and maiden-hair fern. The guests included: Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Mr. Macdougall, Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. Flint, M.P., Mr. Flint, Mr. Bergeron, M.P., Mme. Bergeron, Mr. Edwards, M.P., Mrs. Edwards, Major Denison, A.D.C., Mrs. Denison, Mr. Bertram, M.P., of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Courtney, and Col. and Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Arthur Dicky of Amherst, N.S., who has spent the last few weeks in town, left for home on Thursday. On Wednesday Mrs. R. W. Scott gave a bright little luncheon in Mrs. Dicky's honor.

Miss Gillespie of Montreal is in town, the guest of Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Countess of Aberdeen gave one of the brightest and most successful Cinderella dances of the season.

One of the largest At Homes of the season was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton on Friday afternoon to celebrate their silver wedding—not their golden, as a *brabus memorie* made me state last week.

Ottawa, May 3, 1898.

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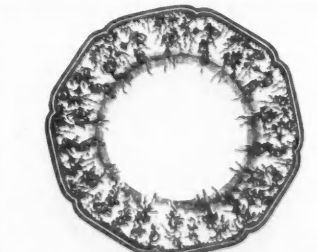
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# The Wife of a Sinner.

BY LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

"THE devil's in that woman's face," remarked a man in gray as he prodded the earth with his stick, to a man in blue who leaned upon the palings.

"No," replied the man in blue, slowly, as he looked at the woman in question, "no—not yet."

The scene was the race course at an agricultural show, and it was a carriage race at which the crowd was gazing; and there, flying past them, leading the whole lot, was a beautiful bay horse in a varnished cart, driven by a handsome woman with a hard, determined face. On the other side of the enclosure a small, pale man with an evil look in his eyes leaned on the railings and nervously bit his nether lip as he watched the race; and it was clear to the understanding of the simple that the man had money on it.

The woman who drove the bay was Kate Grainger, the best driver in the county, and of the men who leaned upon the railings on either side of the course and watched her, one was Thomas Estcourt, who loved her; and the other Jarvis Grainger, who had married her.

The man in gray who had noted signs of the devil in Kate Grainger's face saw only a woman with teeth set hard and lips compressed as she guided the bay's flying paces towards the winning post. But Thomas Estcourt, whose eyes had become trained with a hard training to note her moods and tempers, saw that her eyes, though strained and glittering, were proud and loving as she raced her horse to victory.

"Good Roy!" he ejaculated mentally, as he saw the triumph, and heard the applause of the spectators. "Roy will save her—if she is to be saved."

Then he walked to the tent to help the driver if she needed help; and her husband walked in another direction.

Three years before this day Jarvis Grainger had needed money, and Kate Kelly had possessed it; therefore Jarvis Grainger married Kate Kelly, and that was clear to the understanding; but why Kate Kelly married Jarvis Grainger was an unaccountable matter. He had no pleasing countenance nor specious manners to recommend him; the countenance was bloodless and blue-shaded, with features somewhat after the fashion of a ferret; and his manners were most indifferent. Kate Kelly, on the contrary, was a beautiful girl, with a rich color in her cheeks, and eyes bright as the eyes of a robin; frank, happy eyes were, too, before she married Jarvis Grainger; their expression altered afterwards, but they were still beautiful.

Jarvis Grainger had started in life as a clerk in a solicitor's office, and in his leisure moments had indulged in a mild sweepstake; but even sweepstakes have their elements of excitement, and when in one day he made fifteen shillings in this pleasing manner he was forced to compare this mode of acquiring wealth with that more legitimate mode which brought in but the same amount per week.

From that day he dabbled more and more in betting, and the results were most satisfactory. He was generally lucky, but he was also cautious; more than that, he was unscrupulous, also selfish, also clever. So he stuck to his clerkship only until he had saved pounds sufficient to buy a horse with paces good enough for local races; then he burnt his boats behind him; in other words, he left his three-legged stool to give support to a better fellow, and he faced his future with a week's salary in his pocket, a new horse under him, and a consciousness that the saddle was better suited to his figure than the aforementioned office stool.

Jarvis Grainger was about twenty at that time, and it was by no means on account of bad luck that he stood in need of money ten years later when he chanced to cast his eyes upon Kate Kelly; it was that his ideas had grown.

Some folks said that Kate Kelly fell in love with Jarvis Grainger's bay; but others averred that she had wept bitterly when the marriage was proposed and agreed on (she was only seventeen at the time), and they spoke of some uncomfortable little matter between her only brother and Jarvis Grainger, Grainger putting pressure on young Kelly, and young Kelly putting pressure on his sister; and as Kate Kelly loved no one but her brother, and loved that brother well, and as she was an impulsive girl with a great heart, she gave her happiness to that brother and her money to Jarvis Grainger, and received in return a gold ring and a master. No one seemed to know the exact story, but before she was eighteen it was not hard to see that Kate Grainger loved her husband's horse better than she loved her husband.

Kate Kelly and her brother had been alone in the world, and by their father's will and testament the brother was appointed protector of his sister. So by way of fulfilling his duty, when she returned from school, a lovely brunette with eyes wide open towards the joys of life, he gave her over to the protection of Jarvis Grainger. Then there was a gay wedding, at which the bride committed the unusual act of outshining the bridesmaids; then followed an expensive breakfast and a journey to Paris; and then, while the sister was beginning to realize the desolation of the years which stretched before her, the brother started for the Continent also, to experience the joys of life himself.

A small man is often a tyrant; at least, a tyrant is often a small man; Jarvis Grainger was both. When first he displayed this side of his nature to his wife, she stared at him in scornful wonder; she had never met a man of this sort before and she did not understand it; it happened that she saw this side of his nature very often afterwards, and then she hated him.

"We are going to keep horses, Mrs. G.,"

Jarvis Grainger announced one day. "Are we, indeed? I thought we did so already," she answered rather sharply, for she detested being Mrs. G.

"You're infernally quick when you choose to be," he retorted. "We are going to keep more horses, that's what I mean; regular show horses and racers."

"Ah—are we, indeed?"

"By the way, I want you to write a cheque. I've seen a horse I fancy a good deal; he's rather a stiff figure, but it won't do to let him slip."

Kate Grainger had been rather delicate over her money matters when first she was married; but her husband's utter lack of such qualms had soon killed hers, and a few months after their marriage they had arrived at plain speaking.

"Ah," she said again slowly, "it is my money which is to buy the horses we are going to keep."

"Well," he exclaimed with an oath, "d'you think that my money is to buy food, clothes, and a roof over your head, and your money is to do nothing?"

"No, I couldn't think that, for up to the present it is chiefly my money which has bought the food, clothes and roof."

"You lie," he declared.

"Oh, no, you mistake," she replied contemptuously.

"Well, money must be spent to start this arrangement, yours as well as mine."

"But why have this arrangement?"

"Because I've some notion of being a rich man, and this new affair is the way to it; you'll be a rich woman at the same time, so perhaps that fact will induce you to look upon it more favorably."

"I am as rich as I wish to be," she answered coldly, pen in hand. "How much do you want?"

"Better make it two hundred now," he replied, "and I'll see what I can do."

So Jarvis Grainger launched into his new career; and in her heart his wife grudged no money which brought horses to their stables, for she found them infinitely preferable to her husband.

The transition stage from indifference to hate in Kate Grainger's heart did not take long. Her husband cursed her and she resented it; but the sneers and resentment cost her the sunny beauty of her face, giving her in return a hard repellent expression, and a morose, unforgiving temper. But a large heart must have some outlet for its better impulses, and Kate Grainger found that outlet among the horses. From the proud racers in their elaborate trappings, to the little yard pony who fetched and carried, she loved each one; but of all these gentle creatures, Roy, the bay, lay nearest to her heart; and she would go to him and lay her arms about his neck, and her cheek to his; and sometimes if no person were near she would hide her face in his mane and break into passionate sobs for pity of the life before her, so hard and so unalterable.

There was one thing for which Kate Grainger always felt grateful to her husband, and that was that he had taught her to ride and drive. She did not see his motive at the beginning, and she took to the reins as keenly and as kindly as the proverbial duck to the water—and in the end it stood her in good stead. When Jarvis Grainger revealed his motive there was a stormy scene within his home.

"There are races to-morrow at Tillingham," he remarked airily as he came into the drawing-room one evening after dinner.

"Yes," she answered indifferently; "you will go, I suppose." She felt too little interest in his goings and comings even to throw a note of interrogation into her voice.

"Yes," he answered after a pause—"and so will you."

"That is scarcely probable," she returned, with a scornful little laugh.

"It is not only probable, but a settled fact," he said, and there was a disagreeable note in his voice.

She turned and looked at him in careless surprise. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that I require you at Tillingham races."

"You require me?"

"And why?"

"I require you to drive the bay."

"Drive you to Tillingham?"

"No—drive in the race."

"Are you mad?" she cried.

"No; but determined," he answered.

"Do you mean to say that you would wish me, your wife, to drive on a public race-course?"

"I do mean it," he answered doggedly.

Kate Grainger was staggered; she dropped her needlework, and looked at him proudly, defiantly, for moments, while he airily smoked a cigarette and looked anywhere but at her. Neither spoke.

"Why are you fooling in this manner?" she demanded, forcing her voice to be calm and steady.

"I am not fooling," he returned.

"Is there any reason why I should turn jockey to please you?"

"Yes!" Then he turned on her. "I want none of your cursed pride, let me tell you. I mean business, and I am going to make my business pay. If I need your help I'll have it. I'm going to sink the gentleman—"

"The what?" she asked significantly.

"The gentleman, and—"

"Your renunciation is overwhelming," she sneered.

He colored, but continued: "I'm going in for money-making, and if I need you to make the game go, I'll have you. You drive well, you'll save me money, and you'll be an advertisement."

She rose from the chair and faced him, her head held high, her nostrils dilated, her eyes blazing, and her hands clenched.

"Do you command me to drive Roy at the races to-morrow?" she demanded.

For whole moments they stood and glared at one another in silence, and there was fury in the eyes of both.

"No," he said at last, in a low, cruel voice, "but either you drive him or—I drive him myself." And she knew that his words were a threat.

Good Roy! good, loving creature! Her arms fell limp at her sides and the tension of her fingers relaxed, as the tears rushed to her eyes. It would be inhuman cowardice to sacrifice the dumb creature to her own pride and anger, to hand him over to a brute who knew no such emotions as kindness or pity. Hate and love tore within her. And then she spoke.

"Rather than that, I will drive him," she said, in a low, intense tone. And Jarvis Grainger lighted another cigarette, while the gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. His haughty wife had been forced to yield her will to his. But this form of yielding was no submission.

The next day, with cheeks glowing with rage and shame, Kate Grainger drove the bay to victory; and the spectators gazed upon her curiously, and each one asked her name. That day Thomas Estcourt saw her for the first time as her horse raced past him, and he also enquired her name. That evening he scraped acquaintance with Jarvis Grainger, and was introduced to Jarvis Grainger's wife; and before the day was over he set about solving the enigma of the ill-matched pair—which was in truth a dangerous matter to undertake.

Thomas Estcourt was fond of horses as a good father is fond of children; therefore, when he talked to Jarvis Grainger he found plenty to say; therefore, also, when he talked to Jarvis Grainger's wife he found no lack of words; and his words being kindly, and his eyes straight and true, he won her liking at the very start—and she, though all unconsciously, won his love.

Then a year went by, and in that year, though to outside eyes the lives of these three beings had changed but little, within the hearts of two the hours had borne their fruit; for Thomas Estcourt had grown to love Jarvis Grainger's wife as he loved his own soul; and Jarvis Grainger's wife—well, perhaps she did not love Thomas Estcourt, or she did not realize it, for she never questioned her heart; but she turned to him, and relied upon him, although never by word or sign did she betray to him her husband's low nature and coarse brutality; indeed, she strove to be her old self again when in his presence, for his respect at least was dear

to her. It was only her hatred of the work she did which she confided to him, with no confession of why it was done; but Estcourt was no fool, he could see much and guess more of the state of things between this husband and wife, and he loathed the husband for his ways, and he chafed at the wife's unhappiness, and longed to comfort her out of the measure of his love. And these were dangerous emotions.

And whether it was that Jarvis Grainger knew or guessed nothing of the workings of the hearts so near him, or whether it was that he felt indifference, he made no sign.

During that year Kate Grainger fought down her pride, and drove in race after race; and her face grew harder and more desperate; and her husband smiled a grim smile of satisfaction as he stood and watched her and noted the attention which she won. It pleased him exquisitely to feel that he had forced her to do this; his blood tingled with the excitement of speculation as he wondered in his heart how far he could go, and he joyed in the proving of his strength as he would in the breaking of a mettlesome horse.

Then came that day in which the man in gray said to Thomas Estcourt, "The devil's in that woman's face," and he answered, "No, not yet." But as he went forward to help her to alight, and as he strove to look at her with the eyes of an outsider, he noted that her face was harder than he had imagined it, and that now, when her eyes were turned from Roy, they glittered with a light of angry desperation.

"I feel murderous each time I go through it," she had once said to Estcourt; and in truth she looked it now as she moved away from the gaping crowd.

"Take me away from this," she said impatiently. "I want to get home."

"Your husband—" he began.

"I do not need my husband," she said in a quieter voice. "I will go alone; I am tired."

He accepted her excuse of weariness, and he left her, at her own request, when they reached the railway station.

"How long will it last?" he groaned inwardly, as he turned and walked back to the racecourse. "What will be the end of it all?"

Then his love surged in his heart as he thought of all she might have been to him. And then he realized what a sinner he was.

"If I were an honest man I should go away. I should never look upon her again. But," he argued, "I have never shown sign that I love her; my love does

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her no harm." And at the bottom of his heart there lay a conviction that there was need to watch her—to keep guard over her; it seemed as if something must happen soon. This husband and wife could never live to their lives' end and grow old in this terrible state of enmity. So he went his way in pain and sorrow.

And the hard-faced woman went back to her home. But instead of going to her room to rest in her weariness she went to Roy's empty stable, laid her head against his manger and wept great scalding tears of rage and shame.

It was in Roy's stable, with her head upon the manger, that her husband found her when he returned an hour or so later.

"What devotion!" he sneered. "I've been sending all over the house for you; but I suppose I might have guessed you were most likely to be found in the stables."

She did not answer; she was raging inwardly, that he should have found her here and should have seen traces of her weakness.

Then his mouth curved into an ugly smile, and his eyes lightened with the thought of the words which he was about to utter, and he dallied over his syllables as he continued:

"Been here ever since you got back, I suppose?"

Still no answer. Kate Grainger straightened herself, and made as though she would walk away.

"You need not have laid out so much affection on Roy's empty stable to-day; you'll have plenty more opportunities."

Forgetting her dignified silence in the shock of his significant tone, she turned on him quickly, a presentiment of evil draining the blood from her lips.

"Where is Roy?" she demanded.

"On his way home."

"Isn't that rather much for him in one day?" she asked, with a softer note in her voice, and a wonderful relief at her heart.

"Rubbish! he can do it; it isn't far. Besides, I want him home to-night—for I've a man coming to see him to-morrow."

Again her heart almost died within her. "A veterinary? Is anything wrong?"

"No," he answered slowly, dawdling over every word. "I think I've got a purchaser—I hadn't thought of selling him before—but I think I shall make a good thing out of him."

He expected her to fly into a towering passion, and vow that Roy should never go from her; but he had not yet fathomed his wife's temper. Her wild pain and anguish and wrath were too overwhelming for words or signs; she stood perfectly still and looked at him calmly.

"You devil," she said quite quietly. Then she left the stable and walked back to the house.

Husband and wife did not look upon one another again that night. Jarvis Grainger, after giving orders as to the treatment of the horse when he should arrive, went off to the nearest hotel to play billiards. Kate, his wife, went to her room, dressed for her solitary dinner, and then sat down and went through the meal as she would have gone through anything just then—with a dangerous calmness. But the words of the man in gray were true after all, for the devil was in the woman's face now without doubt.

"Tell Judson to leave the stable keys"

with me to-night," she said to the maid as she turned to leave the room when the dreary meal was over. "I should like to see Roy the last thing before I go to bed."

And when the evening, was far advanced, and Roy had arrived and had been cared for and left in comfort, the keys were brought to Mrs. Grainger, and she took them from the girl with a smile and laid them carefully beside her. But as soon as the girl's back was turned she seized them tightly in her hands and her anger blazed in her eyes as she left the room and mounted the stairs. When she reached her own room she hastily cast aside her silk gown and dressed herself in her habit. Then throwing a cloak about her, and taking the keys in her hand, she went out to the stables.

The place was perfectly silent, save for the occasional scraping of a hoof, and Kate Grainger stepped across the harness-room

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And when the evening, was far advanced, and Roy had arrived and had been cared for and left in comfort, the keys were brought to Mrs. Grainger, and she took them from the girl with a smile and laid them carefully beside her. But as soon as the girl's back was turned she seized them tightly in her hands and her anger blazed in her eyes as she left the room and mounted the stairs. When she reached her own room she hastily cast aside her silk gown and dressed herself in her habit. Then throwing a cloak about her, and taking the keys in her hand, she went out to the stables.

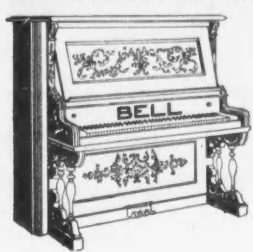
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The bells are gladly ringing,  
How their music sweet doth  
chime  
Ever with the chorus ringing  
Bursting forth in every rhyme;  
Ever as we stop to wonder,  
Listening to the story old,  
Lessons learning as we ponder,  
Precious to us, like as gold.  
It's a true and simple story  
And its truth we all know well,  
New perfection in its glory,  
Only find we in "THE BELL."

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They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach.

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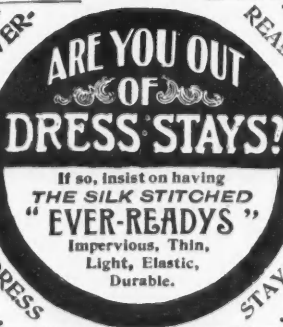
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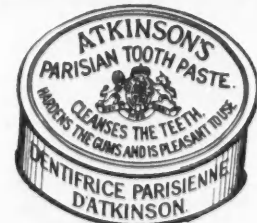
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Send for Manual.

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J. R. LEE, Chemist and Druggist  
Cor. Queen and Beaton and 407 King St. East.

to fetch a lantern; but when she came out into the yard again there was more than the lantern in her hand—there was bit and bridle too. Then she went to the stable where Roy was standing in a bed of sweet-smelling straw, and she kissed him passionately upon his glossy neck.

The beautiful creature turned his head towards her at this unusual interruption of his repose; but when he saw his mistress's face and felt her lips, he put his soft nose into her hand, and gave her love for love. Then did his mistress go again to the harness room, and in a few moments crept back again, trembling under the weight of her saddle; and Roy began to realize that sleep this night was not to be his portion. He did not protest, however; there was good blood in him, and he never shied in emergencies.

With trembling fingers Kate Grainger saddled her beloved horse; and then she flung her arms about his warm neck, and kissed him again and again. "My beauty, my beauty," she whispered, "save me this night that I may save you." Then she led him from the stable, mounted him, and turning her face towards the country, rode straight away from home, husband, everything—excepting Roy and liberty.

And the devil which had shone out from her eyes now raged and tore at her very heart-strings.

It was not until the next morning that the servants missed their mistress, and it was not until some time later that they summoned courage sufficient to reveal the fact to their master. So it came to pass that when Jarvis Grainger awoke from his heavy slumbers and found that his wife and his horse had bolted, the sun was high in the heavens, and the fugitives had secured a good twelve hours' start. When the ugly truth burst upon him at last, the flesh of his face turned a disagreeable color, and the language to which he gave utterance thickened the air.

Within twenty minutes he strode without ceremony into Thomas Estcourt's smoking-room.

"I want my wife," he declared.

"Indeed," replied Thomas Estcourt, as he stood, pipe in hand, and gazed at his peremptory visitor. He could have remarked, "So do I," but that would have been impolite.

"Yes, indeed. What have you done with her?"

"I have done nothing with her," answered Thomas Estcourt calmly, beginning to see that something was wrong.

"You cursed liar. You were always philandering after her, and now she has gone. Tell me where she is."

Thomas Estcourt's face flushed at the words; but after all, the man had a right to enquire for his wife, however much one might object to his mode of doing so. Therefore, Thomas Estcourt's voice was quiet when he answered the brutal man before him.

"I have not seen your wife since yesterday afternoon," he declared. "As for your opinion of my veracity, I will convince you of that later on, for I swear I will horsewhip you, and I will prove my oath after you are convinced of your wife's whereabouts."

"After!" sneered the other; but in his heart he believed that Estcourt's words were true.

"I'll hunt her down," he burst out again. "I'll whip the disobedience from her nature. She shall never defy me again. I'll be sworn. I'll hunt her down, if I hunt her to the devil."

And with that he tore from the room and back to his own stables.

"Saddle the gray," he shouted to the man who stood still at the door of Roy's empty stable.

"The gray's a bit—" began the man.

"Curse you, do as I tell you or leave the yard," thundered the master.

So the gray was saddled, and Jarvis Grainger throwing himself across its back, started on his chase.

"Saddle Viva," ordered Thomas Estcourt, within two minutes of Grainger's departure. "For," thought he, "there's murder in the brute's eyes, and if they meet it will go hard with his wife."

So out into the country rode these two men, and many were the roads which Jarvis Grainger tried before he gained the first clue to the direction of his wife's flight. And in his endeavors Thomas Estcourt dogged the way of this infuriated husband, nor ever lost sight of him to follow his own instincts; for Thomas Estcourt's desire was not so much to find the wife as to save her from the wrath of her tyrant.

At length the clues grew strong and dependable, the evidence was clear, the description accurate, and as Jarvis Grainger listened to the answers to his questions his face grew harder, and in his eyes there lay a gleam of murderous satisfaction. Closely did Thomas Estcourt keep his watch, and very few were the moments of rest these men allowed themselves. On and on pressed Jarvis Grainger towards his revenge, and close behind, just out of earshot, Thomas Estcourt followed him. "Get on, you cursed brute!" muttered Grainger, as he spurred his horse; "that vixen will try to slip across the water."

And his fury went near to choke him as the thought rose within him that after all he might be too late. Giving himself no time for food he urged on his reeking horse, and yet his wife escaped him. But as the chase went on the space between them grew shorter and shorter, for Kate had spared her horse's strength as much as possible.

At last, as evening fell, the rain poured down in torrents, darkening the country as with a fog, and flooding the roads into rivulets. The whole world, indeed, seemed drenched and desolate.

Then, as night drew on, Grainger rode his steaming horse through the streaming gas-lit streets of a big shipping town, and, after many enquiries, slid at last from his saddle in the yard of small and unfashionable inn.

"Where is the lady who rode here on a bay horse?" he enquired of a man in the yard.

"Just this minute gone around to the stables, sir, to see her horse all right for

the night, sir. Terrible bad weather, sir." "Curse the weather. Show me the stable," he shouted in his impatient wrath. And the man showed him.

Then Jarvis Grainger opened the door, and, whip in hand, went in.

With her cheek upon the bay's wet skin, Kate Grainger leaned, her drenched habit hanging limp about her, and her hair all blown and dishevelled with her ride. Then suddenly she heard the door open, and raising her eyes saw her husband.

For one moment these two beings gazed at one another in silence, the fire of eternal hatred blazing in their eyes. Then Jarvis Grainger strode towards his wife with whip uplifted in his hand and fury in his heart.

"Curse you!" he cried, as he rushed upon her.

"Curse you!" she shrieked, and with that she clenched both fists, and striking him full on the chest hurled him from her. The blow was sudden. The man was blind with fury; he staggered backward. Then, more furious than ever at the check, he rushed forward again, but in doing so he struck the bay's haunch, slipped on the rough stones and fell. Then there was one awful moment. The bay, excited by the noise and the blow, struck out violently. There was a trampling and slipping of hoofs; there was a woman's voice crying "Curse you! Curse you!" Then the bay stood trembling; the man lay motionless, and the woman, with the oath on her lips, looked up to see Thomas Estcourt standing in the doorway.

"That devil is dead," she cried, "and I am mad."

Then she stood still and shivered, then she stretched out her hands and staggered, and Thomas Estcourt caught her in his arms and carried her away from the scene.

A year later Kate Grainger and Thomas Estcourt stood face to face again, and he pleaded with her for her love; but she remained silent.

At last she spoke.

"When one's husband is dead," she began, "one is supposed to call him a good man. I was the wife of one such good man, and I regretted it. You know what I became; you saw my fury; you heard my curses; they were the teachings of the good man. I want no more good men." And she turned bitterly from him—but there were tears upon her lashes.

Then Thomas Estcourt caught her hands in his.

"I am no good man," he cried, "I am a sinner; but I love you. Cannot you be the wife of a sinner?"

Trembling, she looked at him again, and, as on that first day of their meeting, his honest eyes won her.

"I think I can," she murmured at last. "I think I should like the change."

[THE END.]

#### A Prairie Sunset.

For Saturday Night.

As the cloud-shade over the meadow sweeps,  
As the pine tops bend to the wind,  
As the falling spark on the prairie leaps  
Through the grasses, unconfined,  
The glory of sunset bursts from the west,  
And, leaping the cloud wrecks closely pressed,  
Flooded the world to the zenith's crest  
In a miracle of flame.

Like a dream of Heaven the whole wide court  
Of the earth in the red mist lay,  
And the goddess Night at her eastern port,  
Affrighted, paused in the sight of Day.  
Then swift as the glorious flood had spread  
The ebb tide set and the day was dead,  
His glory gone and his courtesies fled,  
And ancient Night was Queen.

STANLEY R. JIM.

#### Comparing the Antagonists.

The London Speaker.

The resources of the United States in naval warfare are, of course, an unknown quantity. American ships may be manned, as some allege, by cosmopolitan crews collected from the decks of every nation. American discipline may, as some maintain, be dangerously lax. But as a whole American seamen spring from the same stock as our own, and we have no evidence for thinking—such evidence as we have is all the other way—that they lack the qualities which have made British seamen what they are. Now, of Spanish naval history the world does know something, and all that it knows tells heavily against Spain.

#### Blaming Christopher.

Oh, Columbus, Columbus, what a day's work was yours.—London Globe.

At Barcelona the police have had to keep guard over the monument to Columbus in order to protect it from the destroying hands of the furious mob. How they curse the man who found America! The discovery which made the Spanish nation rich and powerful in the end will reduce her to a position of minor importance.—Western Morning News.

#### CATARRAH SORE THROAT

And Catarrh of Ten Years' Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

EDEN, Ont., Feb. 1, 1897.

GENTLEMEN,—I can cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I suffered from this disease for the past ten years. During that time I was treated by some of the best physicians, and have also used a number of remedies advertised to cure Catarrh, but have always been disappointed in the result. Generally the medicine would cause sneezing and distress in my head, only aggravating the disease instead of curing it. Last fall I suffered intense pain in my head for some time, and my throat was lined with ulcers. The doctors called it Catarrh of Sore Throat, but did not cure it. I saw that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure was being highly recommended, so I procured a box from C. Thomson, druggist, Tilsonburg, and commenced its use. The ulcers in my throat soon cleared away and the pain in my head ceased. I am sure that no other cure will clear the head so nicely. It does not cause distress or sneezing as some other medicines have done.

Yours respectfully,

ANNA A. HOWEY.

This is to certify that I have known Miss Howe and her mother for a number of years, and can vouch for the truthfulness of the above statement.

J. D. PHILLIPS, J.P.

#### A Rehearsal.

An Amateur Stage-Manager's Difficulties.

"Now, then! Beginners for Act I! Well, my—ahem! Miss Russell-Portman, what is it?"

"I want to know this, Mr. Deedes: Is that Miss Eaton-Belgrave really going to play in this piece?"

"For—anything I know to the contrary."

"Then you must excuse me."

"Why, what's the matter? Have you quarreled?"

"Mr. Deedes, I never quarrel. I don't know Miss Eaton-Belgrave. I don't know anyone in her set. And what's more, I don't want to."

"But you never have to speak to her in the whole course of the play."

"But her name will be in the bill—with mine. You must please get somebody else for my part." [Sweeps back to L.]

"But you're lead—well, Arthur?"

"You disengaged now? I wanted to ask you, do you think I ought to wear knickerbockers in Act II, and trousers in Act III, or trousers in—"

"Good heavens, man! We're a month off the night yet—fortunately. Trousers! Why, you don't know your words yet."

"Oh, they'll be all right, my dear chap. Keep your hair on. I only thought you wanted the piece properly dressed, that's all." [Stalks up stage.]

"Mr. Deedes! Mr. Deedes!"

"Yes, Miss Eaton-Belgrave."

"Where is my piano to go, pray?"

"Hum—yes—the stage is rather small. I'm afraid we shall have to cut that piano."

"What! Well, I do call it too bad! I understood I was to sit at the piano in evening-dress, and play softly during—why, it's all I have to do! You might as well cut me out altogether."

"Would you mind? Supposing I put on a curtain-raiser and gave you a better—"

"Well, if ever—" [Stamps out through fireplace.]

"Please, sir, a lady at the stage-door sends this card and wishes to see you."

"Lady Beauclerc. Damn. Show her in. Well, Robinson, what do you want?"

"I say, old fellow, you know where it says 'Enter through window'? They've gone and put the fireplace there. I shan't be seen at all!"

"It won't matter—oh, dear me! Sam! practicable window up center! Now, my dear fellow, do let us get on. Oh, here's Lady Beauclerc."

"Oh, Mr. Deedes, I hope I'm not intruding, but I was reading this play out of Moriel's book the other evening, and really there are some expressions in it that will never do!"

"I hadn't noticed—oh, I see! Yes, Oh, we only use those words at rehearsals."

"I don't mean that, Mr. Deedes. Quite respectable people use expletives sometimes."

"I am not surprised."

"But really! This young man in the play—actually tells Moriel to go to—well, to bed, Mr. Deedes."

"Does he? Oh—well—you see he's supposed to be her brother, and they're supposed to be sitting up together late at night, and—"

"But, Mr. Deedes! Go to bed! What an expression to use to a young girl, and before a mixed audience, too! Now I must request—"

"Well, I'll try to think of something else—I will, really. Excuse me. Oh, Miss Russell-Portman, one moment. If I cut Miss Eaton-Belgrave out, and put her into a farce, would that meet your—"

"That would be a more suitable place for her, I should think. But I was coming to ask you this, Mr. Deedes. You see this sofa's got its head on the wrong end."

"Yes—that is, has it? My head—"

"Now, I've always died with my feet up the stage before, and I can't possibly—"

"Please die whenever—whichever way you like."

"Look here, Deedes! I've been talking to Robinson, and he agrees with me it would be quite wrong to wear trousers in either—"

"Has anybody got a cigarette? Where's that prompt-book? Now, then, curtain's up. Will somebody come on, please." [They come on sulkily.]—Pick-Me-Up.

#### Britain, Russia, and Japan.

Shogyo Shimpo (Japan).

The balance of power is in Japan's hands. In a very few years she will be able to send to sea a fleet of over eighty ships with a displacement of a quarter of a million tons, and to put in the field an army of half a million men. Her alliance would give complete control of the situation to either England or Russia, whichever she joined. There is no misconception about that in Europe. This Empire may not yet have qualified to rank among the great Powers. It has still a considerable interval to travel before it reaches that goal. But it has acquired for itself a position in the East of which it may well be proud. It stands between England and Russia. To whichever of the two it holds out its hands, on that side the preponderance is established. Such an assertion may seem vainglorious, but its truth cannot be questioned.

#### The Stolen Snuff-Box.

On one occasion, when the Duke of Sussex of two generations ago presided at a dinner of virtuosi, a distinguished diplomatist among the company produced a snuff-box set in precious stones, the gift of a crowned head to one of his ancestors. The precious souvenir was handed around for everyone to examine. Presently the owner said to his next neighbor: "Kindly pass me the snuff-box."

The enquiry went around the table, but nobody knew what had become of the article. A thorough search of the room and the servants failed to reveal any trace of it, and the party broke up in a gloom.

Some months after, the duke had occasion to don once more the uniform worn on this occasion, and putting his hand into one of the pockets, felt a bulky substance, and drew out the missing box.

## Housekeepers

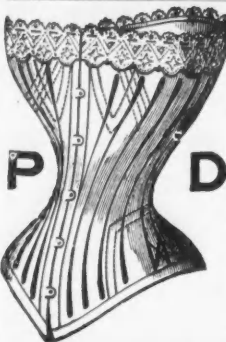
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Montreal, Canada

"You rascal," he said to his body-servant, "you must have noticed it when you put away my coat."

"Yes, your royal highness," was the reply, "I noticed, and indeed I saw your

royal highness when you put the box in your pocket."

"And you never mentioned it?"

"Certainly not. I hope I know my duty to your royal highness better than that."



Harty—Good many years since we've seen each other, Jack; remember how we used to live from hand to mouth in college? Jack—Yes, that's still the case with me. Harty—How so? Jack—I'm a student—*Boston Courier*.



## Painting vs. Photography.

IN *Scribner's* for May, Kenyon Cox and Russell Sturgis discuss the relation of photography to art, and Mr. Cox especially goes so far in his censure of photography that SATURDAY NIGHT decided to reproduce part of his article and get the views of some of the leading Toronto photographers upon it. Whether photography in the future is to be an art or an Art is the question, and the remarkable developments of recent years make the subject one of wide interest. We are told that colored photography is a fact—that soon you may get a picture taken showing the exact color of your hair, eyes, complexion and dress. Do we want such pictures? We are also told that the next invention in photography—now well under development—will be a two-eyed camera that will see, record and reveal distances at their exact worth in a picture just as the eye actually sees them in the real life or landscape. Is it not time for a discussion as to where photography will end, and where the painter must betake himself? We hold with Mr. Lyonde, that whatever photography may be able to do it cannot encroach upon the imaginative domain of the gifted painter, whose inspirations must ever possess a beauty quite their own. Here is the passage from Mr. Kenyon Cox's article already referred to, and following it are opinions from Toronto photographers:

The real danger at present is hardly that art will submit to the sway of photography, but that it will go too far in its rebellion and forget truth as well as mere fact. For photography is hopelessly ugly. The dreariness of the "photographic art-study," which has so impressed the artist, will end by impressing the public, and even the multitude will, in the long run, resent being fobbed off with mere nature when they ask for art.

The "snap-shot" at a landscape under a fine effect, or at the momentary grouping of figures in movement, is often deeply interesting to artists, although it is not art. But the more consciously the photographer attempts to be an artist the worse, in general, are his results, because the complicated harmonies which the painter arranges on his canvas are impossible of achievement anywhere else. You cannot pose figures as painters pose them, nor arrange drapery as they arrange it. You can not get real light to fall as it falls in pictures, or natural color to harmonize as pictorial color harmonizes. The artist's arrangement is complete, each smallest detail fitted to its place in the whole, each line and each touch of color studied and modified until its relation with every other line and every other touch is perfect, and these relations, although infinitely subtle and complex, are subject to unascertained mathematical law as certainly as the relations of notes in a musical score are subject to a law better known and partially understood. Try to pose figures before the camera and to make a picture like some work of art that you have seen, and you will discover that it can not be done. If one detail is right, another will be wrong. The painter has studied the parts separately, trying again and again for his line or that shade until everything fills its allotted place in a comprehensive scheme; but the photographer must get them all right at once or not at all. The result is that dearest of pictures, the *tableau vivant*.—From "The Field of Art," in the May *Scribner's*.

## MR. LYONDE'S OPINION.

This article from *The Field of Art*, in May *Scribner's*, is, I think, so very stupid that while it slanders the photographic art it cannot do harm, for, no doubt, had photography remained where it was fifteen or twenty years ago the critic would have had nothing but praise for it, but as it has advanced so very rapidly that artists all over the world are taking it up, the weaker artists must do all in their power to hurt the process and the artists who use it. He says that you cannot pose figures as painters pose them, nor arrange drapery as they arrange it. He should have said you cannot pose figures as artists paint them, nor arrange drapery as they paint it, for the artist paints not as it really is, but as he would like it to appear; and so long as artists have pretty ideas, so long will there be a great demand for their work. Photography can never do the real artist harm, for one cannot photograph imaginary subjects. The critic also says that the more consciously the photographer attempts to be an artist the worse in general are his results. Of course there are painters who are not artists, just as there are photographers who are not artists, and a great number of photographers should never be allowed to photograph anything but furniture, and there are, I think, painters who should be limited in the same way; but the photographer who takes a very plain face and causes the light to fall on it in such a manner that it is made beautiful and the likeness is still held, must have some artistic taste about him. Of course any man can make a likeness with a camera, but every man cannot make a pretty picture of a plain face and hold the likeness. Then what of Landy's Seven Ages, or his study of Moses, or McMichael's Father Time, or Sarony's Soft

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MILLIKEN.

"The author of this extract is away behind the times," said Mr. Milliken of the Rex studio. "Photography, I don't deny, was once very dreary, even ugly. But of recent years there has been a wonderful advance in the art. Even painters themselves now use the camera. Several English artists pose and photograph their models, or parts of the drapery, and so forth, and study the photograph instead of the original. One reason why photographs are still so often ugly, lies in the camera's subjects. People who have their portraits painted are wealthy people, and wealthy people as a rule dress artistically, are better posers, have smoother skins and more delicate complexions than the generality of folks. We, on the other hand, have often to take all sorts—sunburnt people, people with hard complexions, people who are naturally awkward and whom it is impossible to pose gracefully and with expression. But given the same subject as the painter, a photographer is capable of producing just as fine a portrait, with as much ideality and character as a painter can, with all the qualities of a painting, in fact, except the colors. Artists know this and are getting nervous, which accounts for such articles as the one you have shown me. Similar ones are constantly being printed and debated upon in the photographic journals, but this is a little more behind the times than usual."

## MR. WILL PARK IS ALSO INTERVIEWED.

"It is not fair," said Mr. Will Park of Park Bros., "to judge photography as an art by the every day samples of it. A professional photographer is usually in the business to make money. He has neither the time nor can he afford to make art studies of every picture. His customers are looking for photographs only. Subtleties such as are admired in paintings would pass unnoted in the family album or the bracket over the fire-place. A good, flattering likeness is what the public wants as a general thing, and the nearer a man can get to a truthful portrait without showing up the bad points the better chance he has of getting what he went into the business for. As for photographic art studies, I acknowledge that some of them are hopelessly ugly. That characteristic is not confined to photos, however. I claim, taking half-length portraits, for instance, that a man who knows the art of the business can produce just as artistic a picture, barring color, as a painter. A

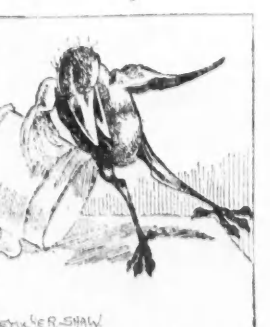
photographer can pose and light figures as well as painters. As far as that goes, I say that a photographer is forced to light his figure properly because he depends on the light entirely, whereas a painter, if the natural fall of light doesn't suit him, can simply put in the effect he thinks necessary or artistic with the brush. I am only talking about portraits. Landscapes and that sort of thing depend so much upon color that they shouldn't be compared at this stage of photographic development, though the camera in the hands of a good man can get some beautiful landscape effects too. I saw a painting at the World's Fair done in two colors. It was by a famous man, and yet people passed it without a glance. It was something like a flash-light photograph, but in the presence of colored paintings of equal merit it looked flat and uninteresting. Let artists try to do work in one color as we do and see how their work compares with ours."

## On the Strength of a Presentiment.

THE circumstances attending Rowdy Bob Budd's recent death were distinctly not according to Hoyle. But they were very pat and appropriate. He not only departed this life fitly with his boots on and adequately clothed, but in his coffin, which saved trouble.

He died because he was unable to get out of the way of a 45-calibre pistol bullet, which was projected towards him by the requisite quantity of gunpowder, and the distressing occurrence came about in this way.

The nearest railway station to the Blazing Star mine, which is the most productive gold mine in North Ontario, as everyone knows, is the Laughing Creek Station. It is a tiny, red-painted, tin-roofed building, and in the dead of the night



Pick-Me-Up.

when Borwicke, the agent, ought to be asleep, and always is when he isn't playing poker with the Hance boys in his ticket office, which is seven feet by ten, the brown bears and gray wolves issue from the adjacent forest which is extensive and primeval, put up their forepaws on the window-sills and gaze curiously in. If they don't see the agent asleep on his camp-bed in his living-room with a long shiny-black Smith & Wesson fastened to his right wrist by a thong, and lying on the bed beside him against quick-rising emergencies, they behold four men playing five-cent ante in the office by the light of two coal-oil lamps.

The agent is a good man. When he first took charge of the Station seven years ago, against the wishes of his mother in Montreal, who had in her wisdom reared him according to the Sheltered Life System, he was a piling infant, though a man by years of age. But seven years of life in the mother-forgotten wilderness have hardened him, and the Hance boys, his only neighbors, have taught him to trap and shoot and play poker.

Last Monday night the mine people sent their monthly brick over to the Station addressed to the bank in Montreal, which is the mother of the mine, and Borwicke shipped it down in the morning as he was used to do. But if it had not been for destiny whispering in the ear of the Bitter Creek agent, thirty miles up the line, someone else would have shipped Borwicke to Montreal, addressed to his mother, as dead as that brick. As for the brick, it would not have gone to Montreal. The agent at Bitter Creek gave his friend, whom he only sees twice a year but converses with daily by the wire, what the hero in melodrama calls a timely warning, on the strength of a presentiment. And, of course, presentiments are whispers of destiny.

The brick always arrives in the afternoon, and the night train goes west. So that the brick has to wait for the morning train that goes east to Montreal.

On last Monday night the men who brought the brick brought also a huge, roughly made coffin, which they said contained the body of old Mag Dooley, the mine cook, who had died suddenly, they said, the day before, in her kitchen. Six men carried the big box into the office and leaned it up against the wall, for a very good reason, which of course did not occur to Borwicke at that time, though he wondered why they had placed it in an upright position. She had died, they said, "from her heart quittin' the job all to once," and the body was to be shipped to her sister in Ottawa, by the morning train.

After they had gone away with the Express Company's form acknowledging the receipt of the gold, Borwicke locked the brick in the safe and called up Ottawa. By the instructions of the mine messengers he sent a message to old Mag's sister, a Mrs. Hagerty, at the capital, advising her of her sister's death and informing her that the body would arrive on the two o'clock train the next day. In a couple of hours the Ottawa office called him up and declared that it could not find any Mrs. Patrick Hagerty, and be damned to her, and that there was no such street number as the one given as her address. Which ought to have made Borwicke suspicious. But it didn't. He looked at the coffin and said to himself:

"Well! I can't sleep to-night, with old Mag in there. I'll sit up and read St. Ives." (He reads good books, you see.)

After supper he called up the Bitter Creek man, as he was used to do, and they talked. Borwicke told him that he had the brick, as usual, on the first of the month, and also the body of old Mag. The other man told Borwicke that he had received a case of whiskey from Toronto and would send him a couple of bottles in the morning. Then they said "good night." Borwicke lit his pipe and went out and paced the short platform for an hour. Then he locked himself in the office, lit both his lamps, and made himself comfortable in his chair and opened St. Ives, which he had received the day before.

He had got to where the funny duel is fought with scissors, when he grew strangely drowsy. Even Stevenson could not keep him awake. It occurred to him that it did not greatly matter whether he went to sleep or not, and he put down his book.

Borwicke strapped his gun to his hip and slipped the thong around his wrist. Then he settled himself in the chair and closed his eyes. At that moment the man at Bitter Creek began to call him hurriedly. He opened his eyes again and sat up, wondering. His friend had never before called him at so late an hour. He rose and went to the desk, feeling a touch of irritation, and answered the call.

"What the dickens does Boyce want?" he asked himself, with his finger on the key. Then he asked Boyce.

In a moment Boyce answered.

"Watch that box! watch that box! watch that box!"

"The devil, you say!" said Borwicke aloud. Then he asked Bitter Creek, "What box?" for he could not understand.

"Old Mag's coffin, of course," came the answer rapidly. "Keep an eye on it."

"All right," said Borwicke; "but what the deuce do you mean?"

As he finished his question he had his answer, but not from Bitter Creek. He heard a faint sound from the coffin behind him, and spun quickly around, pulling his gun from its holster as he turned. At that moment the heavy lid of the coffin fell outward with a thunderous noise, and in the long box, standing upright, was Rowdy Bob Budd with his gun leveled.

"Boyce, Boyce," shouted Borwicke to the operator miles away, but whose name lay nearest to his mind, but he, like the other, fired as he spoke. Somehow Bob missed. That is to say, his bullet bored a piece out of the agent's cheek. Borwicke did not miss, but to make sure he continued to fire, and the hard crashing of the double-action "45" rang and reverberated in the little room, filling it with

## The Latest Dodge.



"I won't be very late, dear; I just want to see if there is anything new from the war."

crowding sound-waves.

When he had emptied his gun Borwicke gave a cry of exultation.

"The infernal scoundrel!" he said aloud, grinning. "Casar! This is a good night's work! But I had a narrow shave." He put his handkerchief to his face, which was bleeding. "But," he thought, "the others may be about," and he hastily replaced the empty shells in his gun with new cartridges from his belt.

"How the devil did Boyce know?" he asked the map-covered walls, and leaned his shoulders against the desk.

He stood there for some time, listening intently, but heard no sound.

Towards day-break Buck Hance knocked at the door.

"What the —!" he asked surprisedly, when he entered and saw things.

Borwicke explained, and Buck laughed grimly. Then he dressed the agent's wound.

"Bob was always a bad shot," he observed, as he sponged the blood off and wrapped a bandage about Borwicke's head and under his chin, tenderly as a woman, this big iron man.

They carried the coffin outside, and mopped up the floor. Then Borwicke wired to the Railway Company at Ottawa and the police at North Bay. After which he wired Boyce minute details, and asked him how he had known. He replied:

"Possibility of robber being in coffin occurred to me before I went to bed. It was just a presentiment. You had a narrow escape," etc.

"You saved my life," tickled Borwicke, "and I am very grateful," etc.

Presently the train came, bringing police and curious investigators from North Bay. They shipped the brick, buried Bob, and the police rejoiced exceedingly and congratulated Borwicke.

To the woods as soon as they heard of it. As for the mine messengers, they took Borwicke as a newspaper hero, and being a man, he is disgusted thereat.

MARSTON POGUE.

Toronto, May 1, '98.

## Books and Shop Talk.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S new story, *The Girl at Cobhurst*, has been published for Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, and proves to be an interesting story, the reader being kept in a fine state of uncertainty until near the end as to the matrimonial disposition that is to be made of the hero. Miss Panney is the only vividly drawn character in the book—the others are but shadowgraph creatures, or they are like the people introduced to you in a railway train and never met or heard of again. These do not exist for you. Miss Panney, however, is real, and you cannot fail to remember her; her oddities crop up when you think of the interesting people you know or have known. It may be interesting to point out that Mr. Stockton at page 277 had forgotten a meeting of two of his characters as recorded on page 242. Madame La Fleur, the French cook, went to Cobhurst, and Miriam Haverley met her at the door.

"My name," said the visitor, "is La Fleur, if you please. I came to see Mrs. Drane and Miss Drane, if you please. Thank you very much, I will come in. I will wait here, or, if you will be so good as to tell me where I can find Mrs. Drane, I will go to her. I used to live with her. I was her cook."

Miriam had been gazing with much interest on the puffy face and shawlen-wrapped body of the old woman who had addressed her with a smiling obsequiousness to which she was not at all accustomed. She had heard from the Dranes a great deal about their famous cook,—pp. 242-43.

Then at page 277 we find Miss Panney and La Fleur engaged in an encounter in the kitchen at Cobhurst, when Miriam enters just as Miss Panney has said what she came to say.

She had scarcely finished speaking when Miriam entered the kitchen. La Fleur had never seen her before, for on her previous visit it had been Ralph who had given her permission to interview Molly Tooney, and she regarded her with great interest. La Fleur's long years of service had given her many opportunities of studying the characters of mistresses, in high life as well as in middle life, but never had she seen a

mistress like this school-girl, with her hair hanging down her back.—p. 277.

As a matter of fact, it was Ralph who had given La Fleur permission, before her departure, to visit his cook in the kitchen, but the author had forgotten that he had brought La Fleur and Miriam together at the moment of the Frenchwoman's arrival on that same visit. This is a small point, merely a flaw in the carpentering. If Mr. Stockton could be made to confess he would probably own that he began the story with intentions that he saw fit to abandon later on. In support of this it may be said that Ralph Haverley inherited the estate of Cobhurst from a rich old uncle, but received none of the uncle's money, nor was it known what had been done with the money. He inherited the estate and all "that was in or on it." A superstitious negro was found in charge, and in the great house was a "haunted garret," stored with trunks and boxes, and when Miriam entered this with a candle on the night of her arrival, she found the boxes locked, save one which lay nearest to hand, and on removing the lid of this her terrified eyes fell on a human skull and other bones. She fainted and was found there next morning in a fever. Now, why this haunted garret, these strong boxes guarded by this open one containing gruesome bones? Surely this was meant to keep the superstitious negro at a distance, so that the money and family treasure in the locked boxes might be safe until the heir came to inherit all that "was in and on" the estate. That seems clear enough, and we have a grievance against Mr. Stockton in that he failed to make any use of the garret, or its ghost, or its boxes, or even to mention what really had been done with the uncle's money. The money is never again mentioned, nor the garret, save that it yields a tea berry gown that three of the young ladies wear in turn. Perhaps Mr. Stockton is going to write a sequel, but Miss Panney is too old to figure in another book, and without her it would not be worth while.

The Standard Bearer by S. R. Crockett has been published for Canada by William Briggs. It will disappoint those who have been looking for something new from Mr. Crockett, for it is his same old story told still again. The names are new, the incidents are different, but you feel that it is the same story of Covenanters, hill folks, nights in the heather and gathering of armed men in Edinburgh that you have heard before, and told with less vigor and read with less zest than formerly. Mr. Crockett begins to impress us as an instrument of one string. Otherwise he should surely be able to vary his tune with all the wonderful history of the Scottish people to inspire him.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., N. Y., will issue at once *The Stolen Fiddle: A Story of Mystery*, by G. H. Mayson, which will be of interest to musical people. The scene of the novel is laid mostly in the English Lake District, and the author is well known in musical circles.

It may be of interest to know that the June number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* will contain a picturesque account of Ottawa—The Queen of Canadian Cities—written by Mr. McLeod Stewart, lately Mayor of Ottawa, and it will be illustrated with many exquisite photographs of streets and buildings. This article is in continuation of a series which has appeared from time to time in the magazine on Capitals of the Empire.

Prof. Adam Shortt of Queen's contributes an interesting article to the current number of the *Canadian Magazine*. He thinks that Canada requires some very searching self-criticism. Mr. W. A. Fraser contributes a startling cobra story to the number. Mr. Fraser, by the way, left this week for the far North-West to pursue his experiments under the Dominion Government, searching for oil veins.

In Brief Form.  
Uncle Sam: "Git!"  
Sagasta: "Nit!"  
And they fit.  
And Spain quit.

—Boston Globe.

Willy—Say, pa, what's a floating debt?  
Pa—Our yacht, my son.—Chicago News.



## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest  
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Havel, May 28; Saale, June 11.  
First saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$60 upward.  
New York, Southampton (London), Bremen  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, May 19; Koenigin Luise, June 2;  
Barbarossa, May 26; Bremen, June 9.

TO  
MEDITERRANEAN, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa  
Ems, May 14; Aller, May 21; Werra, May 28;  
Kaiser Wm. H., June 4; Fulda, June 11.  
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## SHIPS TO ENGLAND

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May 14—Belgeland, 1st, 100 " 60.00  
May 17—Lahn, 1st, 100 " 60.00  
May 18—Friesland, 1st, 75 " 42.50  
May 18—Lake Huron, 1st, 50 " 34.00

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## Songs of the Night.

The morning is a bright stage setting;  
The bird orchestra glad and strong;  
And Nature, gaily masquerading,  
Sings out of sight Life's sadder song

Upon the glowing stage of evening,  
Emotions hold our hearts in thrall;  
And before Memory's glaucous footlights,  
Hope, the sweet singer, we recall.

Fearing we come to night's strange stage-land,  
Mystery and Self are actors there;  
But sweetest is the song Hope sings us,  
On the cold, life-worn boards bare.

HARRY W. JAKWAY.

## Anecdotal.

When Tom Sheridan was reading Euclid with his tutor, he found it very tedious, and after a time he asked: "Was Euclid a good man?" The tutor did not know. "Was he an honorable, truthful man?" "We know nothing to the contrary." "Then don't you think we might take his word for all this?"

When Mr. and Mrs. Le Gallienne arrived in New York they had to undergo the usual ordeal at the Custom House. Mrs. Le Gallienne had but one hat, she said, and was sure there was no need of examining it. The Inspector insisted in the politest way possible on seeing it. "I'm sure, Miss, he said, 'you're just longing for a sight of it yourself, after all this time and your terrible passage across.'"

A Scotchman living in London recently ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and after a time went to see personally how they were faring. He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. The reply came, "Oh, we're gettin' on fine, but we're verra fatergeit with thae mineral waters."

The Spanish-American war has so far been like a sham battle, as two weeks of war had only resulted in the killing of a mule at Matanzas. There is a story of a British sailor taking part in some mixed naval and military manoeuvres of the sham variety. A little band of volunteers were holding a headland against the batteries of the whole fleet, with a success possible only during manoeuvres. "O, for one ball cartridge!" sighed the sailor.

A judge of the Bombay high court, who is pompous in manner and never forgets that he is a judge, was walking up and down the platform of a small railway station up-country just before taking his seat in the train. At that moment a hot and perspiring Englishman rushed on to the platform and said to the judge: "Is this the Bombay train?" The judge coolly remarked: "I am not the stationmaster." The other man at once retorted: "Then, confound you, sir, why do you swagger about as if you were?"

The Ameer of Afghanistan takes great pride in his gun factory at Kabul, over which Sir Salter, P. S. B. presides. He insists on his Khans visiting it. Amra Khan, who controls a distant mountain region, came in one day and, after seeing the works, asked Sir Salter: "Now tell me in words just how you make guns." "It is quite easy," replied P. S. B. "You make a hole first and then wrap some iron around it." "Ah," he said sorrowfully, "there is lots of air for the hole in my country; only no one there knows how to wrap the iron around it."

Good  
Correspondence  
Paper

Have you ever studied the surface of writing paper? Ever noticed the different grades? How much easier it was to write, and how much better your writing is on the better class of writing paper.

We cannot sell any but the better paper, because we do not buy any but the best from the paper mill.

Yet you'll find "the Bookshop" an inexpensive place to buy writing paper.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
No. 12 King Street West.

## What a Man Had to Say.

Personal Loyalty and Faulty Table Manners.

THE man was propped up against a narrow counter or shelf in one of the big bicycle shops in Yonge street. A dozen men—ten of them in knickers—were standing pensively about, when I trundled in the wheel for attention. It's not my wheel—just a makeshift and full of startling perversities. I take it in for treatment six times a week, and would seven if the repair-shop were open. The man watched me peering about for the good-natured boy, and presently he said peevishly, "The people here ought to wear a badge. I never can hit the clerks; always charge up to a customer and ask for my wheel. The clerks hide around when they see me coming. I let them alone for two weeks, just to make sure of my new wheel when I came. Well, I've been in four times this week. This is Thursday, and they can't attend to me. I tackled that chap in the heather-mixture tweed, and stated my case. He offered to shake hands, and told me he had been here every day for three weeks and couldn't get a wheel. Buy? Of course I want to buy one; so does he. Seems curious what these folks do with their new wheels, don't it?"

From wheels we drifted to costumes, and the man who couldn't get a '98 mount gave me his ideas about men's and women's wear on the wheel. "Toronto women have the instinct of self-preservation," he said thoughtfully. "They don't take any chances and wear knickers like the French girls or the West Coast girls. And they shouldn't wear those ready-made gaiters either. They are clumsy and spoil a nice ankle. It pays well to buy good half-high bicycle boots. We like to see neat ankles and prettily dressed feet, and hats chosen for wheeling, not for afternoon teas; and," added the man absently, "if the wind blows, a cotton skirt under a bicycle suit looks untidy and out of place." Just then a woman drifted in with a brown blouse and a rather passe old feather hat. She had run into the curb and one of the pedals of her '98 wheel was bent. "She'll have that wheel used in a month," said the waiting man. "No woman who dresses like that ought to be allowed to ride an up-to-date bicycle. It is a vulgarity, a want of a sense of the fitness of things."

"What is the best thing a man can be?" repeated the diplomat. "Just loyal; there is a great lack of loyalty in this world—not patriotism, nor devotion to this or that strip of bunting, but personal loyalty. The reliable, inexorable sort of fealty to oneself and one's friends that is so often imperiled by what we call necessities of social and business life." It is disloyalty to proclaim a principle one moment and act contrary to it the next, or to greet a man warmly and courteously and in the following breath lay bare some of his weaknesses to a third party. And yet these things occur every day. Personal disloyalty is society's canker. A high standard of purity consorts with doubtful or exceedingly careless persons and condones by action what it condemns by utterance. One must know these people. One must accept their hospitality! Granted, but one's lips must then close upon condemnation of their ways. Otherwise one loses personal loyalty. If we only talked about the peccadilloes of persons with whom we had never broken bread and eaten salt, nine-tenths of the scandals would never be known. Personal loyalty goes even deeper. To be true to ourselves, our ideal selves, we must be true to our neighbors, and any pretense of disloyalty necessity must vanish. Those things which we say behind the backs of others we must be willing to say before their faces. Truly, the diplomat was right. Personal loyalty, social loyalty, family loyalty means a self-discipline calculated to turn out men and women of nobility. A courageous nation *sans peur et sans reproche*.

The other evening at a dinner-party a young man not often at leisure to enjoy such functions made several mistakes. He did not know a silver fish-knife and fork when he saw them, and carefully set them on one side while he manipulated his fish with a meat fork. Just as he finished the course he glanced down the table and saw everyone using the proper tools for piscatorial delicacies. His face grew crimson, he slipped the fork back to its place and smuggled the fish knife and fork on to his plate. His neighbors all saw the whole affair. They thought it was funny, but I thought it was rather pathetic. The poor young man seemed to feel it so much, just the involuntary confession that he wasn't up to date, perhaps had the old-fashioned training, that to eat fish with a knife or with potatoes was a frightful miscarriage of manners. And then, when the servant came with a claret-jug and a silver he tumultuously charged into the array of glassware and put a champagne glass up for the wine, which he did not drink as soon as he saw it was in the wrong glass. The servant and the silver were not nice form, and indeed when one is thinking of one's dinner or of the pretty girl or handsome man one goes in with, anyone might make a mistake such as the young man made, but these little things spoiled his dinner, as the most careless observer could see. And I was wondering whether the clouds would have fallen had anyone told him very quietly the proper papers. We are such queer fish, we human creatures, that it is hard to say!

The Spaniard and I were discussing the Cuban question. "I do not like the Cuban," said he tentatively, "not because he is shiftless, though he is; nor dirty, though he is; nor ignorant, though he is; but because he is without loyalty. You can tempt him to sell anyone. He will sell his own family, his nearest and dearest if he gets his price." And to that I responded warmly, "Oh! I know better. I know Cuban gentlemen who are as loyal as you are! Just as true and reliable and loyal as any Spaniard of the lot of you!"

"Yes, senora," said the Spaniard, with a courtesy much in contrast to my roughness, "there are many such Cubans, loyal gentlemen, and loyal to Spain!"  
LADY GAY.

## A Narrow Escape.

A Wiarion Lady Who Was Near the Dark Valley.

Her Trouble Began With Swelling of the Glands. This Was Followed by General Collapse and Heart Weakness—Doctors Said She Could Not Recover, But Today She Is Enjoying Good Health.

From the Echo, Wiarion, Ont.

Mrs. Jas. Overand, who lives in Wiarion, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People: "I am 30 years of age and have lived in Wiarion for the past six years. Previous to this I, with my husband, who is a stonemason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Wiarion for Chesley thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Wiarion, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint dead away. I had become very weak and could scarcely walk across the floor, and felt myself growing worse every day. I again consulted the local physician, and this time he said it was spasms of the heart and that I would not live more than a couple of days. While lying in bed a lady of the town visited me and advised me strongly to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought it useless, but I was ready to grasp at any means of promised relief, and so commenced to use them. Before the second box was completed I felt myself getting better, and before I had finished my seventh box I was able to go about and do my own work. I continued them until I had used fourteen boxes, when I was completely cured. The swelling has left my neck and I am now as well a woman as I ever was in my life. I make the above statement voluntarily, believing it my duty to that which has saved my life, and will if necessary make an affidavit to the above facts at any time."

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A BAG OF MOONSHINE.—You are a pessimist, very hard to move in your convictions and beliefs, apt to idealize, truthful, affectionate and rather uncompromising. I don't think you are very quick in action or apt to jump to conclusions. The lines suggest deliberation, and a method downright rather than ingratiating. You are eminently practical and very conscientious.

FLORENCE JUNE.—It is hard to say yet what you'll make, your writing being far from matured. You are sociable, candid and painstaking, practical and honest, even tempered and generally rather a philosopher. I don't think you worry much over anything. There are no signs of marked excellence, either in art or music. I venture to risk the prediction that you will make a good housekeeper.

A VALENTINE.—It is a strongly original and rather a clever study. Courage, impulse and energy are shown. Writer has bright imagination, sharp judgment, a rather touchy temper, and a tendency to theorize. Tenacity and decision are marked. This study belongs to an exceedingly vital and independent person, a bit inclined to fall into grumbling or take a pessimistic view of life. It has great interest.

AILEEN, Port Huron.—So sorry to keep you waiting. You are refined and original, fond of beauty and dainty surroundings, very particular about appearances and careful to make a good impression. A trifle of mannerism takes from your force and freedom, but on the whole the study is attractive and estimable. Your object in life awaits you. At present there is a lack of definite aim. It is a strong, promising study.

JOHN O'GAULT.—This is a rugged specimen, strong, firm, and exacting of himself and of others. The lines suggest acuteness, concentration and a rather hard nature. I am going to hazard a guess. You are a legal light, and when you get a man in the box you are very hard on him. You have high standards, a

keen appreciation of the beautiful and a generous heart to those you love. A man, every inch of you.

CHRISSE.—A short definition of vulgarity is "a lack of the sense of the fitness of things." The specimen of vulgarity you mention exactly fits that, does it not? Diamonds worn on the promenade, gloves carried in the hand to show off a marquis ring, and crests promiscuously paraded, are vulgarities, which, however, one can forgive. We are all human, Chrissie, child, weak and vain. There is the peacock instinct very strong sometimes.

PADDY, I.—1. Thanks for good wishes. Yes, my friend, I often meet people who rub me the wrong way, but then I know they can't help it. There are persons who will never blend any more than water and oil will. Have patience with them. 2. Your writing shows an honest, conscientious method, a firm and constant purpose, rather a despondent tendency, and a lack of logical thought. You are truthful, earnest and candid, and generally discreet in speech. This is a study badly in need of training.

HOOLEY.—Not a bit of it. Only the other day I was greeted as "one of the boys." What odds does it make, Hooley, man, anyway? 2. Your writing shows a good deal of breezy, hopeful and bright individuality. You are ambitious, but don't grasp your purpose firm enough. It takes muscle, Hooley. And you are cautious and a bit of a diplomat. I don't find you very impressive. You are clever, I'm thinking, and a good talker. I just wish you could go firmer and straighter ahead.

EO.—This is one of the hemmed-in people; a study that needs room to branch out and that circumstances seem to be cramping. An ingratiating disposition, sympathetic and refined, averse to strife, and not very apt to be aggressive. Writer would be apt to be careful of appearance, neat and natty in dress, anxious to do his best, and sure to appreciate kindness and commendation. Discretion is marked, and a sensitive but cheerful disposition. A congenial turn of mind, orderly and liking system. A type no one can help but respect and liking.

MATILDA.—I know the sort—face like a battle-axe, knobby knuckles and extra emphatic speech. Remember, Matie, that species has a soft spot somewhere. You must try to discover hers and then give her plenty of encouragement in it. 2. Your writing is in gratifying, gentle and mighty sly. You don't mind a wiggle or two to get around a difficulty, and sometimes you incline to humbug. No, I don't believe you are Irish, there is such a lack of humor and a sharpness of temper in your lines under all your sweetness. Poor child, I am in sympathy with you, all alone in a strange city. Go slowly, little one, and of course you may write again, if I can help you at all.

## The Woman of Fashion and her Ways.

THE occasional meeting of one's acquaintances, interchanging of ideas and seeing of one's friends as frequently as is consistent with non-neglect of daily duties, is of course not only beneficial in many ways, but also necessary to one. But what does the eternal routine of social intercourse amount to? The ultra-fashionable woman must pay the regulation number of calls each day, appear at every "tea" to which she is bidden, attend all evening entertainments, especially those functions and amusements which have the reputation, and are by way of being considered "smart" and select. This is all most important if she wishes to be completely "in the swim." It is necessary she should be seen everywhere, especially at Mrs. C's or Mrs. D's, or else "So and So" will state that she, the indefatigable caller and At Home-goer, was not bidden, or, worse still, she will find her name omitted from the society news column, and that, oh, ye gods, would be indeed hard. There are some women who really seem unable to understand that it is possible for others of their sex to prefer spending their spare time in more intellectual ways than attending all the entertainments to which they are invited, or in following the frivolous line of life mapped out for the fashionable society woman. It is well, indeed, occasionally to mix with and enter the gay world, but the woman who declines to go and be seen at everything and waste so much of her time, and determines only now and then to appear on the horizon of society life, must make up her mind to find herself soon, aye and very soon, looked upon most emphatically as "out of the swim," and in a measure in the background. The very fact that she is so soon, as it were, forgotten and "out of it," ought to show of how much value the affection of the fashionable world is. So long as one has money, a fair position, a house for entertaining, etc., etc., she will be courted and fêted, but wait till the money is lost, the husband or father, who occupies a high position, dead or unfortunate, then is she soon forgotten by the fair-weather friends.

The mystery to me is how so many women can go on, year after year, and decade after decade, even, as is actually the case in some instances, spending their lives in the giddy whirl and vortex of fashionable life. Can it be they have no other resources in their inner lives? No depth in their own natures? Do no serious moments or thoughts of the great solemnity of life ever come to them, and the awful responsibility of frittering away the hours and days of the all-too-short life allotted to each one of us? I wonder if no wish of trying to improve themselves mentally ever crosses their minds. Life is so serious, and although it is no doubt injurious for one to lead too much the life of a recluse, still it seems to me, of the two evils, that of keeping too much to oneself and, perhaps, at times running the risk of becoming somewhat morbidly inclined, is a lesser one than going to the other extreme, allowing oneself to be overcome with the feverish restlessness attendant on the desire to be seen and to attend all entertainments that are on the tapis in order to be quite "in the swim." It really seems well-nigh impossible to strike the happy medium and be moderate. And, too, this feeling of vying with each other, be it in the matter of one's personal appearance or in the splendor of one's entertainments, which is so lamentably apparent in our fashionable circles, is, oh, so pitifully ruinous to so many women's characters. At times it seems as if the only course to pursue is to give up entirely taking part in any gaieties, and to retire like the snail into one's own shell, (as it is

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so hard, if one's position is at all an important one, to be moderate, and to go on quietly doing one's daily, and often very humdrum, duties thoroughly and in small detail, doing the work we find nearest to our hands, and which cannot be properly performed by the woman who is to be seen at all times at every sort and condition of entertainment and amusement, and is so sorely afraid of missing anything, lest she should incur the awful stigma of not being counted among the "smart set."

Toronto, May, '98. ORLEOIGNE.

## North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

The Spanish Government announces in a decree gazetted April 24 that Spain will respect neutral flags covering the enemy's merchandise. She will, therefore, not search neutral steamships for American property.

In view of the numerous inquiries addressed to us by intending passengers and patrons, we desire to state for general information that the steamships of the North German Lloyd, flying the German flag and belonging to the German Empire, are neutral vessels, and will therefore in no way be interfered with or detained by Spain during the present conflict between that country and the United States.

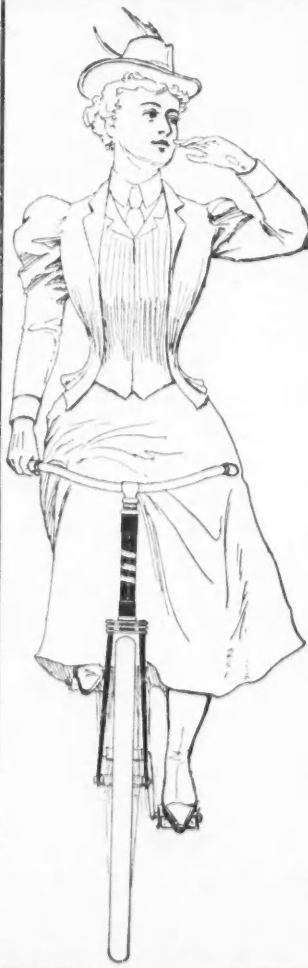
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DELRICH & Co.,  
General Agents.  
New York, April 25, 1898.

## Where is Germany?

Has Emperor William decided that the friendship of Lord Salisbury will be of more use to him than that of President Kruger? The question is suggested by an article in the Cologne Gazette, said to have been inspired by the German Foreign Office. Kruger is urged to hearken to the demands of the Uitlanders, and not to set himself against the Transvaal's "Protective Power, Britain," or he will find himself in a tight corner, from which all the foreign aid he can obtain will not suffice to extricate him. This is not all. The journal has found it necessary to warn German

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## Studio and Gallery

THE Ontario Society of Artists completes, this year, the twenty-sixth year of its existence. John A. Fraser, at whose suggestion it was originated, but recently passed away. The objects of the Society are, so reads the record: The encouragement and fostering of original art in this country, the promotion of the interests of the members, the holding of annual exhibitions, an art union, an art library, lectures upon subjects pertaining to art, the establishment of a permanent gallery and a school of art in Toronto. Several of these objects have been attained with some degree of satisfaction. Original art is being fostered to some little extent, albeit there be those that see no merit in any work of art which contains not foreign hieroglyphics underneath its varnish. The annual exhibitions have been a fruitful source of education to the country and a stimulus to the artists themselves. The Art Union attained the age of twenty-one years. Discovering, then, that that was the limit of its usefulness it very sensibly died, thus leaving a very worthy example to many other institutions, which have not always, it is to be regretted, profited by the example set. The Art Library has failed to materialize, possibly on the ground that many of the original members may now be regarded as encyclopedias on art. The custom also of giving lectures on subjects pertaining to art has not been in vogue recently. The Society has generally been kept, as regards funds, in a state of becoming humility, which has no doubt prevented the attempt at indulgence of several luxuries which they would otherwise covet and enjoy. Art lectures of any merit are expensive. The permanent gallery is securely cloistered in the recesses of the Normal School. It is reached by two wearisome flights of stairs, and viewed by the exhausted spectator somewhat after the fashion of that domestic

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bird whose habit it is to obtain its rest on either foot alternately, for seats are a luxury denied the lover of art who seeks delectation in Toronto's permanent gallery. This is no fault of the artists. They have donated the paintings.

The School of Art has been one of the most satisfactory results of the O.S.A., as those who witnessed its recent exhibition can testify. This only authorized provincial art organization, which is struggling to keep the spirit of order and beauty alive in the land, receives the munificent amount of \$500 from the Government, \$200 of which goes back to the country in the shape of paintings purchased by the Government. The extent of its income may therefore be one reason, presumably, why the Society has not attempted great measures for the further appreciation of art by the province. The expense of conducting exhibitions falls mainly on the artists themselves, as does most of the financing of the affairs of the Society, although it is the country which gains inestimable benefit from their organization. Such an exhibition as the present one serves also another purpose: It is a somewhat trustworthy guide to intending purchasers. Each artist sends his best, which passes a reliable committee before it is hung, neither of which arrangements is observed in the collections disposed of in auction rooms, nor even in private sales.

It is hoped that no disadvantage to this exhibition will result from the fact of the recent visit of the Academy. It should all the more be encouraged, inasmuch as it has laid upon the artists the extra effort of producing so much more, as no previously exhibited painting shall find a place in it. The exhibition opens with a private view on Monday, May 9, after which date it will be open to the public. The hanging committee consists of: Mrs. G. A. Reid, F. McGillivray Knowles, W. D. Blatchly, and the president and vice-president.

Sir Oliver Mowat has graciously permitted his name to be added to the list of honorary patrons of the O.S.A. It is to be hoped that this influential name will mean more to the O.S.A. than merely a new signature in their records. A long and honorable list of patrons and honorary members graced the roll of the O.S.A. in its earlier history, and we trust did no little to help its revenue. Such a roll is an institution worthy of revival, and we wonder the Society allowed such an excellent custom to fall into disuse. There are a goodly number of citizens whose countenance, not to speak of their fee, would be a decided advantage to it, and in whose liberality and intelligence we have sufficient faith to believe that they are only awaiting an invitation to become associated with art matters in this capacity. The O.S.A. need a "lookout" committee to hunt them up.

The cover of the May *Westminster* will afford pleasure to its readers generally, and more particularly to those observant of the art of illustration. F. McGillivray Knowles has exerted his well known faculty for graceful and expressive decoration, to give expression to the spirit of the month, in the form of a female figure whose abundant tresses are fanned by gentle breezes and who is in the midst of suggestive and typical spring bloom.

A ceremony which will be of interest in educational circles will be the unveiling of the portrait of Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., in McMaster University next week. From Chancellor Rand's past history, his connection with, particularly, the Eastern provinces, and his influence in educational matters, we naturally look for a telling and decided personality in his portrait. He has designed and inaugurated the educational system of the Maritime Province. The school system of Manitoba has been largely modeled after his plans, and the correlation of the three colleges, Woodstock, McMaster and Moulton, has been largely the fruit of his thought. His leading characteristics have been successfully portrayed by the artist, J. W. L. Forster, who has given that air of intensity, of concealed force, of executive ability we naturally expect to find in such a character when represented in his public capacity.

Every man to his trade. Nearly every-one has seen the lithograph reproduction of that picture called *The Thin Red Line* by Robert Gibb, R.S.A., showing a line of Highlanders with fixed bayonets receiving a charge of cavalry. This picture has now lost interest for me. I was looking at it for perhaps the hundredth time when one of our Toronto artists came to my elbow and said: "Have you noticed how often the same model was used in the making of that picture?" I had not noticed it, had not thought of a model, nor of anything else connected with the making of the picture, but only of the result. "You see that big Scot with red whiskers and how often he appears—same model—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight times. Here you see he is shown only with a mustache, and there again, but always the same model. It is a serious defect in the picture." Is it a defect, really? Only the fellow-workman who is looking to see traces indicating the methods of the shop would notice the multiplied uses to which the one model was put. The ordinary eye saw a row of Highlanders grimly waiting the shock of battle; the trained artist saw a big red-whiskered model posing here full-face, there offering his profile, yonder falling, still again helping a tottering comrade. The picture has lost what interest it possessed for me since I see its shop marks as an artist sees them; and this colors the argument that has been advanced that the best judges of paintings are to be found among those who are left free to feel the inspiration of a picture without being encumbered with a knowledge of how every effect was built up and every stroke laid on.

Through the courtesy of Mr. William Morris, barrister, this city, son of the late Hon. Alex. Morris, at one time Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, the publisher of Mr. MacBeth's new book, *The Making of*



the Canadian West, (William Briggs), has secured a most interesting photograph of Louis Riel and his Council of 1869-70, which will be reproduced in the book. The publisher has also been fortunate in procuring an excellent view of old Fort Edmonton from the Hardisty family. A fine full-page portrait of Ambrose Lepine, a view of Fort Pitt previous to its destruction in the rebellion of 1885 and showing Big Bear and his two sons, a group picture of the N.W.T. Council of 1885 (by courtesy of Mr. Bain, the public librarian of Toronto), are among the most interesting of the numerous engravings with which the book will be embellished.

JEAN GRANT.

### Hints to Conversation.

What is the true definition of "gentleman"? It must be admitted that it is rather difficult to decide this, for some men of wealth, education and leisure are very deficient in the graces of character—indeed, it is very hard to arbitrarily define the meaning of the word "gentleman." We are told that in the Cook Islands the man who has a buggy and a sewing-machine is a gentleman. In Toronto we find that the man who is a candidate for election as alderman has his name placed on the ballot paper as "John Brown, flour and feed merchant," if he is engaged in that business, but if he is without visible means of support and lacks occupation he appears on the ballot as "John Brown, gentleman." We are reminded of a case recently reported in a London newspaper as having come up in the Marylebone county court. "What trade is the defendant?" asked the Judge. "A builder." "But on my copy of the summons it says 'butcher,'" replied the Judge. "And on mine," said the Registrar, "he is called a tailor." Then the plaintiff came to the rescue: "He is more like a gentleman than anything else. He walks about all day doing nothing, going from public-house to public-house."

Another case occurred in a London police court not long ago in which a woman, charged with begging, established her respectability in a pointed manner, by saying: "I am a respectable tailor. Why, I make trousers for Mr. Newton, the magistrate. If I'm respectable enough for that, I'm good enough for anything." And the court sustained her. This is somewhat reminiscent of the tailor who vainly tried to make clear his identity to the Duke of Wellington. "Why," said he, "General, don't you know me? I made your breeches." Recognition dawned in the great duke's eyes as he cordially grasped his interlocutor's hand, and exclaimed: "Why, Major Britches, how are you?"

In her new book, *Manners for Women*, Mrs. Humphry remarks about engagements that "when an engagement has become an accepted fact, the engaged girl writes to her friends and tells them about it. With distant acquaintances it is in better taste not to write, as it would look like suggesting a wedding-present." She further says that when a girl becomes engaged, "it is usual for the mother of the engaged girl to have a dinner party, at which the future bridegroom is introduced to the friends of the family, often followed by a large reception with a similar object in view." Altogether, she says that the announcements of engagements are of a most formal nature in England, and people are not supposed accidentally to find out that their friends are engaged.

Because Toronto is inclined to plane herself upon the fact that she elected a colored man to the City Council, and the other aldermen elected him a member of the Board of Control, which consists of but three aldermen, the *London News* recalls an old story as follows:

Once upon a time there was a rich colored man in Toronto who offered a handsome cash bonus to any white man who would marry his daughter. A man accepted, pocketed the cash, and then took the colored woman down south and sold her into slavery. It is just as well not to brag too much about Toronto.

The question is: Should this cause Toronto people to brag or to blame? Are the people of Toronto to blame for what happened "once upon a time"? Were the people of that time responsible for what the husband did? for no doubt many of the men of that day were already wived. But there is

another point of debate, and it is the chief. Who sold that woman into slavery? Some may argue that the husband did it, but others may contend that the father first led her to the auction block when he offered a "cash bonus to any white man who would marry her." If the husband had lured his father-in-law to the South and sold him instead, there might be no room for argument as to the justice of the whole thing, and perhaps the "rich colored man" mourned more for his money than for his daughter. A good strong position for an argumentative man to take up on this case would be that such a colored man was unfit to father a free woman.

Father Chiniqun, now in his eighty-ninth year, has been giving the *Montreal Herald* some interesting reminiscences. Here, for example, is a story that carries us back over a long vista of years:

It was my paternal grandfather who acted as pilot to Wolfe's ship when it sailed up the St. Lawrence to capture Quebec, and it came about in this way: My grandfather commanded a French man-of-war at Louisbourg, and he and his ship were captured by the British. It being known that he was well acquainted with the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the British Admiralty designated him to act as General Wolfe's pilot to Quebec, and he was accordingly placed in charge of the ship as she sailed up the St. Lawrence, a soldier, with a loaded musket, on each side of him, with instructions to blow his brains out if the ship so much as scraped bottom on the way. Fortunately for my grandfather, his knowledge of the gulf and river was sufficiently good to prevent the soldiers from having to carry out their instructions, and the ship reached Quebec, with results which are historical. The successful pilot, as a reward for his faithful service in this matter, was made the first harbor-master of Quebec under English rule.

What was Grandfather Chiniqun's duty? He was commander of a French man-of-war. He was forced to serve as a pilot, and his life was to be taken if he failed to run the British ship safely through. "Fortunately," he knew the way and succeeded; his life was saved and he got a job, but his country lost her colonies. Other men have preferred death at such times. If Wolfe had been the prisoner on a French ship, called on to act as pilot with a musket at his ear, would his grandson to-day be telling us how he fortunately knew the river, won through, and was given a job as harbor-master?



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### The Winter Cough of Children

Is often a source of anxiety to parents, and properly so, for if neglected the seeds of consumption or bronchitis may take root. Cough medicines are objectionable owing to their tendency to upset the stomach and to impair the appetite, thus reducing the nutritive power of the body and adding to the emaciation and incidentally to the pulmonary irritation. It is of importance to know that Maltine with Cod Liver Oil is admirably suited to these cases, not only because of its efficient action, but none the less on account of its palatability, for children soon grow fond of it. The remedial action of the oil is fortified by the nutritive value of wheat, oats and barley of the maltine, and further by its action upon starch foods, which are rendered soluble, and thereby become fitted to afford that abundance of nourishment which after all is the essential medicine in these cases. Nourish well and the cough will cease. Maltine, with Cod Liver Oil, for these reasons possesses ten times the remedial value of any emulsion.

### A Gordon Hospital at Khartoum.

London Globe.  
The Bishop of Lincoln has made a suggestion which will commend itself to all who knew the value of General Gordon as a man and recognized the importance of his work. Speaking at Lincoln, Dr. King said the idea had occurred to him two or three years ago that if the British ever got to Khartoum something should be done to perpetuate Gordon's memory. Now that our troops are on the way to Khartoum, the Bishop thinks the time is opportune to carry out his suggestion.

**GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London.**

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**BENGER'S FOOD** is sold in various sized Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.  
Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

### Now the Gardener Knows.

Mr. William Sadd is a gardener, and has been for a long time. In that capacity he knows, of course, much about the diseases and complaints that happen to plants and trees. Now, if he should notice that a certain kind of fruit tree was always sickly and unproductive when planted in a particular soil, or under given conditions not hard to observe, he would look into the matter carefully; and, no doubt, presently ascertain the true cause of the trouble and obviate it. For he would reason two facts, occurring continually side by side, are likely to have some positive relation to each other: probably that of cause and effect. To see these coincidences, then to find out what they mean, is the foundation of all useful knowledge; it creates the thing we call "science."

This course of proceeding, I say, Mr. Sadd would have taken, and beyond question did take as a gardener. But when it came to investigating his own case, and drawing an inference from observed facts, he showed less keenness and clearness of judgment.

This was not because his mind had failed from the disease which was troubling him, but because he was not used to exercising it in that direction.  
"For years," Mr. Sadd writes, "I suffered from gravel and indigestion. I felt low and weak, and my work was a burden to me. I had but little relish for my food, and after eating suffered much pain at the chest."

"My bowels were obstinately constipated, and sometimes days in succession would pass without a movement. There was also pain and stiffness in the back, and difficulty in voiding the kidney secretions, which were thick and scanty."

"My sleep was much broken through these different causes, and at length I became so weak as to be unable to follow my employment as gardener."

"At first I went to the University Hospital and afterwards to St. George's Hospital; but the doctors at those institutions did nothing to relieve me. None of

which is to start a national fund with the object of establishing a Gordon hospital at the scene of the hero's death, the institution to be worked by Christian doctors and nurses, and to be open to every suffering creature in the district. It will be agreed such a hospital would fittingly commemorate the life-work of General Gordon.

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There are thousands of sickly school girls dragging their way through school who might be enjoying the full vigor of their youth by taking Scott's Emulsion.

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With its new and magnificent train service, is the admiration of Canadian travelers. Its reclining-chair cars are literally palaces on wheels, splendidly upholstered and decorated with the costliest woods. Its chairs, which are free to passengers, can, by the touch of a spring, be placed in any position desired, from a comfortable parlor chair through the various degrees of lounging chairs to a perfect couch. Many prefer these cars to sleeping-cars for night journeys, and for day trips they are the most comfortable and convenient cars that can be devised. Two of these reclining-chair cars are attached to all through trains between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Full particulars from any R. R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ont.

their medicines seemed to suit my ailment.

"One doctor said I had inflammation of the bowels."  
"In this weak and painful state I continued until December, 1889, when Miss May Cote, Wellington road, St. John's Wood, told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

"I got a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it felt marked relief. The pain in my back was easier, and I felt stronger altogether. After taking three bottles I was completely cured, and got back to my work."

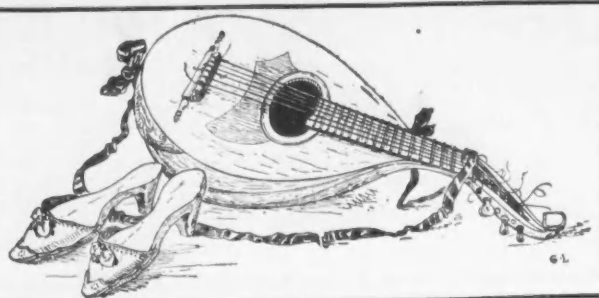
"Since that time by taking an occasional dose I keep in good health, and have had no return of the gravel complaint." You can publish this statement to let others know of what has done so much for me. (Signed) William Sadd, 9 Cochrane street, St. John's Wood, London, N.W., December 30, 1890.  
If Mr. Sadd had known twenty years ago what he knows now he would have reasoned thus: "Here I have gravel and chronic dyspepsia side by side at one and the same time. And this curious fellow-ship continues year after year. Probably one is the cause of the other. And as the stomach trouble came first, why may not that be the cause of the kidney and bladder trouble?" Reasoning in that way he would have hit upon the exact truth.

For dyspepsia, including as it does a torpid liver, is the originating cause of a complication of organic disorders—gravel among them. When Mother Seigel's Syrup removed the impediments from the digesting machinery, and awoke the skin and bowels to a sense of their duty, the urinary trouble was relieved and soon vanished. That so old and deep-seated a case should have been so thoroughly cured shows how fully adapted to this dangerous and painful disease Mother Seigel's Syrup is.

Now, will the reader take a lesson from this experience of friend Sadd's? Remember that your body is like a garden, and when you see the weeds of pain and illness growing in it be sure something is wrong with the soil.



## MUSIC



The College of Violinists of England, an institution which has, for financial considerations, been granting "degrees" to many unsupervised fiddlers of the Old Land, and which has numbered among its patrons and promoters some very prominent people, is now, according to *London Truth*, in disgrace. Referring to this concern *Truth* says:

"The grocer around the corner, or the potman of the local public-house, has just as much right—no less and no more—to grant 'diplomas' and initial letters as the so-called London College of Violinists. I dealt with the whole matter in *Truth* on June 3 last, and not only with this but also with the Guild of Violinists (otherwise the International Union of Musicians), the College of Pianists (owned chiefly by the family of a plumber), and other institutions. The College of Violinists, as I then pointed out, was nothing more than a limited liability speculation, with a total cash paid-up capital of £17,100. The shareholders were a musical instrument dealer, his wife and two daughters and his son (a law student), besides a newspaper proprietor, a commercial clerk (afterwards promoted to be a journalist), and a solitary professor of music. Papa, the musical instrument dealer, was managing director, and four other gentlemen, including one whose name did not appear upon the list of shareholders, constituted the 'Board of Directors.' Papa also was managing director for life, and chairman of all extraordinary meetings of the company. It is from this precious party that the diplomas and initial letters of the College of Violinists emanate; and their exact worth can, I should say, easily be appraised. The Union of British Graduates in Music intend, I believe, to take up the case of foreign degrees. They would do far more useful work by agitating in Parliament and elsewhere against a law which permits the wholesale dissemination of degrees and diplomas by limited liability companies and other non-chartered institutions in this country."

The internal squabbles of the innumerable degree and certificate dispensing concerns of England make very entertaining reading for Canadians. At the present time especially, the matter is of interest, since a bid is about to be made for the trade of Canadian music students by a prominent and influential examining body of London, which proposes to issue certificates at three dollars each to colonial music students, who, to instance the case of piano players, may be sufficiently far advanced to play pieces of the calibre of a Clementi sonatina! The Union of British Graduates in Music, if they value the musical reputation of the Motherland, might profitably deal with this matter if they intend entering upon a campaign in the true interests of musical art.

At this stage in the history of music, when self-constituted "conductors" are such a numerous commodity, it is interesting to note what the eminent critic, Mr. Henry Krehbiel, has to say with reference to the requirements of the modern wielder of the baton. In his fine work on *How to Listen to Music*, and in a chapter devoted to The Modern Orchestra, he says: "In the gentle days of the long ago, when suavity and loveliness of utterance and a recognition of formal symmetry were the 'be-all-and-end-all' of the art, a time-beater sufficed to this end; but now the contents of music are greater, the vessel has been wondrously widened, the language is become seriously complex and ingenious, and no composer of to-day can write down universally intelligible signs for all that he wishes to say. Someone must grasp the whole, expound it to the individual factors which make up the performing sum, and provide what is called an interpretation to the public. That someone, of course, is the conductor, and considering the progress that music is continually making it is not at all to be wondered at that he has become a person of stupendous power in the culture of to-day. The one singularity is that he should be so rare. This rarity has its natural consequences, and the conductor who can conduct, in contradistinction to the conductor who can only beat time, is now a 'star.' . . . The layman will perhaps be enabled, by observing the actions of a conductor with a little understanding of their purposes, to appreciate what critics mean when they speak of the 'magnetism' of a leader. He will understand that among other things it means the aptitude or capacity for creating a sympathetic relationship between himself and his men which enables him by various devices, some arbitrary, some technical and conventional, to imbue them with his thoughts and feelings relative to a composition, and through them to body them forth to the audience. . . . The ability to 'read score' is one of the most essential attributes of a conductor." Mr. Krehbiel's remarks are commended to the prayerful notice of the vast army of conductors, time-beaters and music-torturers generally who pose in this day as "conductors."

A very flattering reception by a large and fashionable audience was given the talented tenor, Mons. Mercier, at his farewell concert in Association Hall on Monday evening last. Mons. Mercier has for a number of years been recognized as one of our most prominent and successful vocalists, and his removal from the city will be regretted by a large circle of musical friends. On Monday evening last he was in particularly good voice and was obliged to respond to encores on each appearance, his rendering of Lavigne's O, Canada being received with much enthusiasm. He was assisted in the very enjoyable programme by Miss Beverley Robinson, soprano; Signor Delasco, basso; Miss Fannie Sullivan, pianiste; Miss Archer, violiniste; Mr. Beardmore, baritone, and Mr. J. H. Cameron, elocutionist. Miss Robinson sang in her usual artistic style and was warmly encored. The solos contributed by Sig. Delasco showed that gentleman's fine bass voice to admirable advantage. Mention should also be made of the singing of Mr. Beardmore and Mr. Cameron's humorous sketches, which were loudly applauded. Miss Fannie Sullivan as piano soloist and accompanist again demonstrated her superior ability. Her rendering of the Gounod-Liszt Faust Waltz was a particularly fine effort. Miss Archer's violin solo was among the most enjoyable numbers on a well chosen programme. Mons. Mercier is entitled to congratulations upon the success of his concert.

A sacred recital of more than usual interest was given in Zion Congregational church on Thursday evening of last week, by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. Leslie R. Bridgman, assisted by Miss Marie Wheeler, Mr. R. J. Dilworth and the Toronto Hand Bell Ringers. The programme embraced a number of choral gems, among which might be mentioned Gounod's Come Unto Him, Reyner's Sun of My Soul, Shelly's Hark, Hark, My Soul, and Allen's In the Beginning was the Word. Much praise is due Mr. Bridgman for the excellent discipline evident in the choir's work. The shading, expression, attack and general tonal effect of his choir proved him to be possessed of undoubted talent as a choir leader, whose artistic work in this sphere is calculated to bring him into prominence. Miss Marie Wheeler sang with admirable effect Marsden's My God and Father While I Stray, her pure soprano voice and sympathetic style being particularly admired. Mr. R. J. Dilworth was heard to advantage in Mr. T. C. Jeffers' baritone solo, For He Shall Give, displaying a voice of good quality which had evidently received careful cultivation. Mention should also be made of the singing of the following members of the choir: Miss McMuller, Miss Watt, Miss Snarr, Miss Hall, Mr. E. J. Cashmore, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Cross.

The Toronto Festival Chorus Committee report gratifying progress in their preparations for next season's work. The list of subscribers already received includes many of our leading citizens, and there is said to be every prospect that the formation of the chorus and the providing for general musical details will be on a most satisfactory basis when the season opens. There is room in Toronto for a well equipped, well officered and well conducted oratorio society. Public apathy during the past ten years should not be accepted as final proof of aversion on principle to the elevating influences of oratorio. It is hoped that the efforts now being put forth so energetically will be supported and encouraged by our citizens in a most substantial and convincing manner. In view of the history of oratorio in Toronto during the past decade, it requires no small degree of pluck to shoulder the wheel in an effort to reinstate this art form in popular favor. The gentlemen having the work in hand certainly deserve well at the hands of our people.

A vocal recital by pupils of Miss Denzil was given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week in the presence of a large audience. The excellent work which is being done by Miss Denzil in her specialty as a vocal teacher was thoroughly demonstrated in the clever performances of her pupils on this occasion in a programme embracing solos, duets and quartettes. Miss Denzil's choral class was also very successful in numbers by Vierling and Mendelssohn. The pupils who took part were: Misses Joey Cram, Ethel Powell, Ruth Miller, Queenie McCoy, E. Miller, Mrs. Milne, and Mr. Charles E. Clarke. Valuable assistance was rendered by pupils from the elocutionary, cello and piano departments of the Conservatory. The artistic piano playing of Miss Devlin, a pupil of J. W. F. Harrison, was a feature of the evening's performance. Mention should also be made of a cello solo by Miss Lois Winlow, the talented young 'cellist who has recently attracted so much attention as a soloist.

The New York Musical Courier, whose pessimistic views on the condition of orchestral music in New York, and more particularly whose estimate of the calibre of New York orchestral players, have taken up considerable of its space of late, draws the following comparison between Munich and the great American metropolis: "Munich is a city of about the size of Detroit, Milwaukee or Cleveland, and yet, in addition to opera and opera orchestra under Strauss, it has a series of symphony concerts known as the Kaim concerts, projected by Dr. Kaim, and of such importance that a conductor of Weingartner's rank has been secured as director for ten years. None of our American cities of Munich's size has a permanent orchestra. New York could not support a Richard Strauss and a Weingartner. Even Darnowski threatens to leave us, although Seidl is no more. Poor New York! Rich Munich!"

The service of praise given in Cooke's church on Thursday evening of last week proved a very enjoyable event. The attendance was not as large as the excellence of the programme presented merited, this being due, no doubt, to the large number of entertainments taking place in different parts of the city on the same evening. Mr. Cringan's well trained choir

was heard to advantage in a number of attractive anthems, and solos were sung by Miss Lillie Kleiser, Miss Lola Ronan, Miss Wegener, the Misses Patterson, Mr. R. G. Kirby, and Mr. Walker. The accompaniments were played by Miss May Hamilton, the talented organist of the church, and Mr. A. T. Blakeley, organist of Sherbourne street Methodist church. Miss Dallas played an organ solo with excellent effect, and the evening as a whole proved an exceptionally interesting and profitable occasion.

The most interesting event of the season, from a standpoint of piano-playing, will undoubtedly be the Hofmann recital in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening next. Josef Hofmann is acknowledged to be one of the greatest of living pianists. It is said of Rubinstein that he pronounced Hofmann his greatest pupil, and predicted that the fame of the younger musician would ultimately equal his own as a pianist. Technically and musically Hofmann already ranks with such artists as Rosenthal and Stavenhagen, and the marvelous success now being won by him fully bears out the promise of his boyhood days, when as a prodigy of ten years of age he created such a sensation. The plan is now open at Massey Hall, and all who desire to spend a profitable and delightful evening should not fail to attend this recital.

A very successful concert was given in the Methodist church at Napanee on Friday evening of last week, under the direction of Miss Lillian M. Hall, organist of the church, assisted by Miss Florence MacPherson, contralto, of Toronto, and Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, tenor. Miss Hall, who is a graduate of the organ department of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and who filled the position of organist of Elm street Methodist church with much acceptance whilst a student in Toronto, played several organ solos with much brilliancy of style and technical ease. The singing of Miss MacPherson and Mr. Jarvis was much enjoyed, and the recital, financially and artistically, proved one of the best ever given in Napanee.

The complimentary concert which is to be tendered Herr Rudolf Ruth at the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next, promises to be an event of unusual interest both socially and musically. The programme will include two movements of Rubinstein's splendid sonata for cello and piano, in which Herr Ruth will have the assistance of the popular pianiste, Miss Ada Hart, who, by the way, will also contribute several piano solos. Herr Ruth's solo numbers will include Poffers' Hungarian Rhapsody, and a group of small pieces. Mr. H. N. Shaw will contribute a reading, and vocal numbers will also form part of the programme. A pupil of Herr Ruth, Mr. Leslie Hodgson, will play the accompaniments.

The ninth of the combined piano recitals given during the present season by pupils of Messrs. Jeffers, Hunt, McNally and Klingenberg, took place at the residence of Mr. McNally on Saturday afternoon last. The participants in a well arranged programme were: Mrs. Langstone, Misses Maud Davis, Frankish, Dick, Williamson, Reading, Millie Marks, Ethel A. De Nure, Jennie E. Williams and Mr. George D. Atkinson. Compositions by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schubert, Bird, Liszt, Vozrich, Chaminade, Schumann, Hauser and Mascagni were rendered. These gatherings have been so successful that the teachers who have instituted and conducted them have decided upon their continuance next season.

The concert and recital to be given by Misses Carrie Lash and Beatrix Hamilton, daughter of Col. Hamilton, bids fair to attract a large and representative audience. These talented performers will be assisted by the well known 'cellist, Herr Rudolf Ruth. At Whitby on Tuesday night Misses Lash and Hamilton were assisted by the young 'cellist, Miss Lois Winlow, who was most enthusiastically received, being encored three times. An admirable programme for the concert on Friday evening next has been arranged. This will be the farewell appearance of Misses Lash and Hamilton prior to their departure for the Pacific Coast. Further particulars as to the concert can be seen in our advertising columns.

The sixth organ recital of Mr. W. F. Fairclough's sixth annual series will be given in All Saints' church this afternoon at four o'clock. The programme will embrace Mozart's beautiful F minor Fantasia, Mendelssohn's Sixth Sonata, Bach's Toccata in F, and smaller compositions from the works of Chauvet, Noble, Guilman and Reed. The fine selection of organ pieces should attract a large audience of lovers of the highest type of organ music. Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, soprano, who assists, will sing Granier's popular song, Ho-anna.

Mr. J. Edmund Jaques, the well known Canadian musician, who has been studying in Leipzig for several years past, is now in Paris taking a special course in organ-playing under Gullmann. Mr. Jaques has been appointed organist of Christ church, (Church of England), Paris. In a letter to a local colleague he describes the organ of this church, a French instrument, as a "little gem." It will interest organists to learn that Gullmann charges thirty francs per lesson, besides which there is a fee of one franc for the organ-blower.

Mrs. William Stone of Toronto, who is at present in England, sang at a recent concert of the Alcester Choral Society, and is referred to by the *Liverpool Chronicle* in the following terms: "Only the Sound of a Voice was sung by Mrs. Stone of Toronto, who it may here be mentioned received a vociferous encore for her second song, Hush-a-Bye, which was justly deserved." Mrs. Stone also took part in a concert given on the R.M.S. Germanic in aid of the seamen's charities.

Mr. H. M. Field, the Canadian pianist,

who is at present sojourning in Leipzig, has arranged to beard the lion in his den and give a piano recital in Berlin at an early date.

M. Georges MacMaster, an organist and composer well known to American organists visiting Paris, died suddenly recently in Paris. He was but thirty-five years of age.

Miss Nora Weeks, a pupil in organ-playing of Miss Florence Brown, organist of Berkeley street Methodist church, has been appointed organist of Parliament street Methodist church.

Herr Heinrich Klingenberg, the well known violinist, has been appointed on the staff of the Conservatory of Music.

MODERATO.

A Joke on Edison.

When the general office of Edison's company was first started in New York (says the *Ladies Home Journal*) there was always a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and these were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused.

"Why," said the friend, "I have an intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage-leaves and all sorts of vile-smelling stuff, that will cure your friends."

Edison thanked him and straightway forgot all about the offer. Two months or more passed before he again met his friend.

"Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends."

"Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager."

"Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange; I wonder where they can be!" "Let us enquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did.

"Why," said that person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to the West."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Edison; "then I must have smoked them myself." And he had.

Spain's Haughty Sentiments.

Those Yankee gentlemen talk loud and daily grow more and more threatening. This is not surprising, for the millionaire shopkeepers of America are not very highly qualified in the matter of psychology, and take our calmness and tranquillity for fear. We, on our part, relying on our right and our strength, shall not go to the trouble of demonstrating theoretically that the Spaniard has never been afraid of his enemy, and that less than all can he be afraid of the Yankee shopkeeper. The proof will come on the day when they take it in their head to pass from talk to action. On that day we hope to thoroughly convince Messrs. McKinley, Mason, Proctor, and Co. that their undisciplined sailors and their soldiers, who exist only on paper, are very far from inspiring us with fear. The one point in which they surpass us is in the matter of gold. History, however, is rich in examples showing that lead usually conquers gold.

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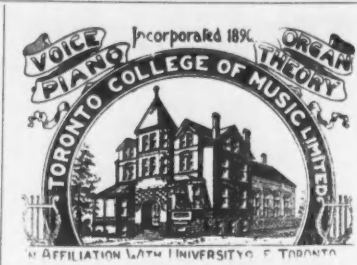
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## Social and Personal.

May-day was uncertain between sun and cloud, and the grand Garrison church parade was in danger of a drenching, for perhaps the first time since its institution. But Probs decided not to dampen the martial ardor of the soldier boys, and what showers there were came accommodatingly between whistles and during the service. Rev. Alexander Williams of St. John's church conducted the service and preached a fine sermon, short, instructive and pointed. A stalwart Highlander, George McClellan, sang one of Handel's inspiring solos, and the band of the 48th provided the music for voluntaries and hymns, which were admirably sung by the immense crowd of soldiers and citizens in attendance. The platform was a brilliant kaleidoscope of scarlet, tartan, blue and silver, and black and gold. Burnished helmets with floating horse-hair plumes decorated every convenient shelf and ledge and roosted about the extraordinary outlines of the organ. The staff were seated on the right of the band near the Lieutenant-Governor's box, wherein Sir Oliver, Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat and Captain Herbert Mowat, A.D.C., were installed. *Vis-a-vis* Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Gas Gzowski, Miss Helen Gzowski and her guest, Miss Wotherspoon of Quebec, were seated, and Mrs. and Miss Delamere, Mrs. Forester, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, and one or two others, occupied the remaining boxes. The Spanish Ambassador, Senor Don Polo y Bernabe, and his junior first secretary, Senor Pablo Soler, were in Colonel Delamere's box, escorted by Dr. Ryerson. A great many smart women in smart hats made the galleries blossom like a rose. Sir Casimir Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, was received by the Staff standing, and escorted by Colonel Otter to his place on the platform. Among the officers present were: Colonel Otter, Captain Macdougall, Surgeon Nat-tress, Surgeon Ryerson, Chaplain Arthur Baldwin, Major Clarence Denison, Major D. M. Robertson, Colonel Mason, Colonel Gravelley, Colonel Cosby, Major Hendrie, Honorary Colonel Davidson, Colonel Meade, Major Mutton, Colonel Delamere, Major Pellatt, Captains Michie, Donald, R. Myles, Major Greville-Harston, Captain Boyd and others. The troops turned out in great force, though the contingent from Stanley Barracks was smaller than usual, owing to some of the men being excused to spend a last Sunday with their comrades chosen for the Klondike service.

The Klondike contingent left this week for the gold country. Major and Mrs. Young went to Ottawa last week, as many who called Saturday to say farewell to the jolly major were disappointed to learn.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper and her little son, Fritz, of San Francisco, are on a visit to Mrs. Wright, 65 Glen road, Rosedale.

In our advertising columns it is announced that Hain's can furnish all necessary information as to the etiquette of

weddings, and invite correspondence on this subject. Their copper-plate engravings for wedding stationery are unexcelled.

Mrs. Cockburn and Mr. and Mrs. Tait arrived in town on Wednesday. Miss Chasie Strickland returned from Ottawa last week.

The Toronto Musical Improvement Club held a very successful meeting on Wednesday night, the house being crowded.

A mammoth concert by the band of the Royal Grenadiers is on the tapis for Saturday evening, May 21. The admission is to be one dime, and the popularity of these ten-cent band concerts in Hamilton lead our Toronto soldiers to believe that they can easily fill the Armories on Saturday week.

The closing evening of the German Conversation Club will be held to-day (Saturday) at the residence of Mrs. S. G. Beatty, 168 Isabella street.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gravelley have removed from Maynard avenue to 1542 King street west. Their new home is beautifully situated on Humber Bay.

A large whist party was given last Tuesday evening by Mons. J. Trancé-Armand to some of his friends, who will long remember the enjoyable evening they spent.

## LASH--HAMILTON CONCERT

AT ASSOCIATION HALL ON Friday Evening, May 13, '98, at 8.15 o'clock  
Miss Carrie Lash, Contralto; Miss Beatrice Hamilton, Reader; Herr Rudolf Ruth, Cellist; Mr. Leslie Hodgson, Accompanist.  
Admission 25c.; reserved seats 50c. extra.  
Plan at Nordheimer's Tuesday and after.

## QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA.

Under patronage of Lieut.-Governor and others.

## Male Chorus Concert (50 VOICES)

ASSISTED BY  
Q. O. R. Band, Miss Frances World, Miss L. Roman, H. E. MacDonald and Bert Harvey  
MASSEY HALL, THURSDAY, 12th MAY  
Tickets 25 and 50c. All seats reserved.  
Plan now open at Massey Hall.

## Queen's Birthday EMPRESS OF INDIA and G. T. R.

Return Tickets will be sold on May 23rd and 24th, good to return until May 25th, at

## SINGLE FARE

Also at SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD good going May 20th, 21st and 23rd, good to return till May 25. These rates will apply to all points on the

Welland Division, Niagara Falls & Buffalo  
Tickets at all G. T. R. and "Empress" ticket offices and at head office on wharf. Tel. 290.

First prize advertisement in Dunlop Tire Competition  
Designed and written by Peter Rutherford, 406 McKinnon Building, Toronto.



**Dunlop TIRES**

**It Pays to Pay for Quality**

If the price you pay for a Bicycle is too little to include Dunlop tires in the bargain—you're money's not well spent—you've made a bad investment. You're courting trouble!

As much comfort and reliability in a baulky horse as in a wheel with poor tires

Dunlop Tires cost the wheel maker more—but they cost the wheelman less—They live longer—Hard to hurt—Easy to fix! The test is the best eloquence for Dunlop Tires.

## CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE INSTITUTE

EST. 1890

## Defective Articulation

and all forms of voice impediment removed under competent treatment.  
CURE GUARANTEED where terms of training are complied with.

Address, MESSRS. CHURCH &amp; BYRNE

CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE INSTITUTE, 5 PEMBROKE STREET

## PROVINCIAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Students are preparing for their Third Annual Concert, to be held in St. George's Hall, under the direction of Miss Morton. The concert will be given under the auspices of the Toronto Musical Improvement Club, which has proved so successful since organization.

## BICYCLE

Lady's or Gentleman's

'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap  
ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

## You Can Count ON OUR

## Wedding Cakes

We spare no pains to make them perfect in every respect. Their handsome decorations, delicious almond icing and fine rich quality have made them very popular.

30c. and 40c. a lb. Sent to any address.

Caterer and Confectioner  
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

## Nicholas Rooney

62 YONGE ST.

LACE CURTAINS  
TABLE LINENS  
TABLE NAPKINS  
TOWELS  
SHEETINGS  
PILLOW COTTON  
PILLOW LINEN  
QUILTS  
BLACK SILKS  
&c., &c.

## OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building  
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.  
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

## Any Engravings Published

In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply to THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited) Toronto.

## PROFESSIONAL.

## SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND

Public Accountant and Auditor  
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.  
Phone 1641

## BUY

**Coleman's Salt**  
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

## No Substitute

## "Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE  
is PURE COFFEE

with cream and sugar added, so that it may be prepared in a hurry, anywhere.

You can't spoil it!

ALL GROCERS

## Crown and Bridge Work

Is the dental feature of the present and future. This is our great specialty. Every case is successful. Don't fail to call and see samples of our work. Only \$4 to \$5 per tooth. Special plates Just teeth and painless extraction only \$8.



H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.

Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.

Entrance 21 Queen East Phone 101.

## Doulton Flower Pots

A handsome assortment of these popular pieces in this popular ware—very richly decorated. Sizes 8 to 16 inches diameter—prices

\$3.00 to \$20.00

CHINA  
HALL

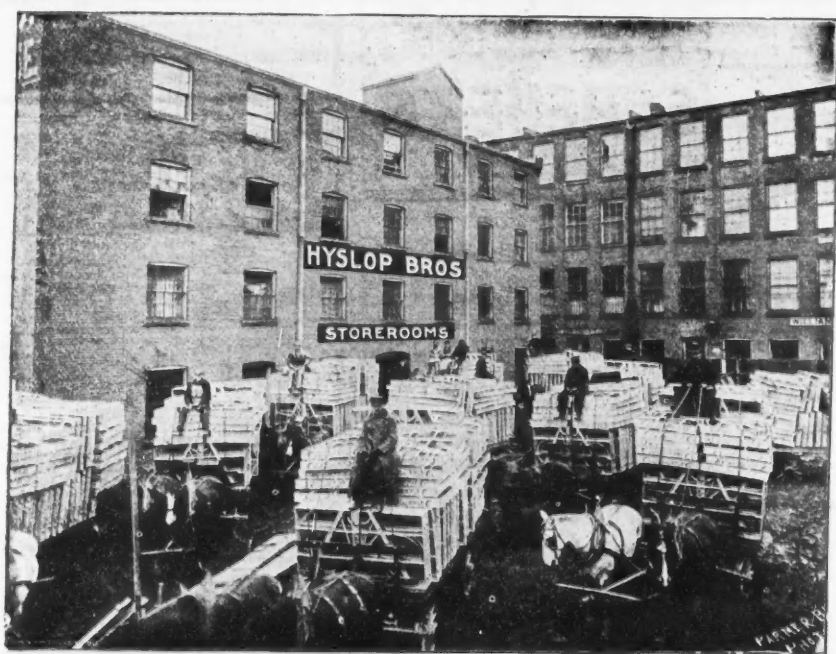
JOS. IRVING  
49 KING EAST

## OUR BUSINESS GREATER THAN EVER

## CRESCENT WHEELS ARE THE FAVORITES



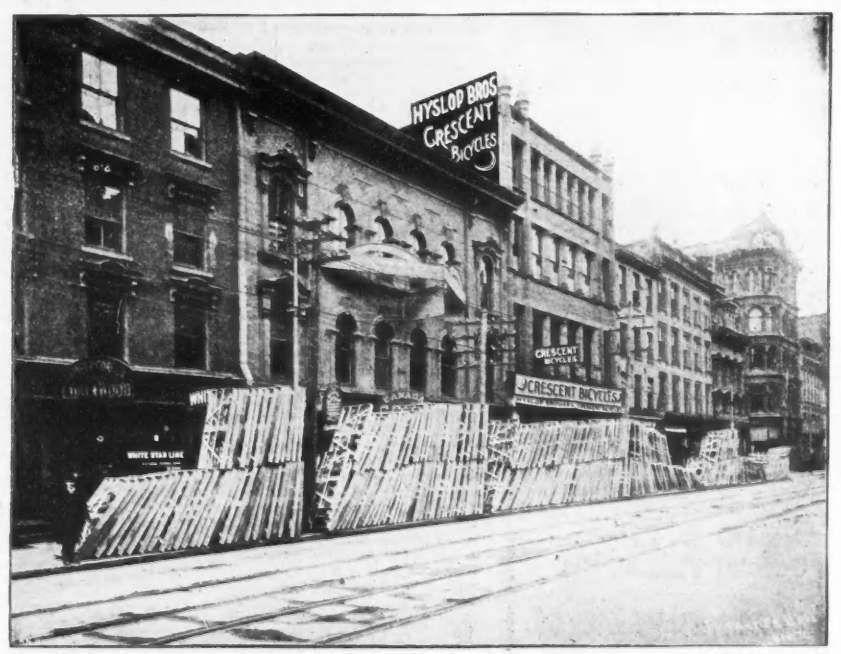
The Popular Wheel at the Standard Price  
No Better Wheel at any Price  
Agents Everywhere



A Day's Shipment of Crescent Wheels from Hyslop Bros.' Storehouse



We cater  
to those who  
demand  
the best



A Frequent Scene on King Street, Toronto, in Front of Hyslop Bros.' showroom

More Crescent Bicycles are made and sold each year than any other make. When you buy your Crescent get your guarantee.



Price and quality guaranteed. If there is no agent near you write to us and get our Catalogue and prices. When buying—buy the best.

HYSLOP BROTHERS, TORONTO



**Madame Sophia Scalchi**  
—The World's Greatest Contralto—  
—And the Heintzman & Co. Piano—  
"I was very much pleased with the piano used at my concert. The tone was rich and full—all that a singer could desire. It has been my privilege to sing before the piano world, but my experience of your instrument justifies me in saying that it will take a position along with the best of them."  
**Toronto Warerooms:**  
117 King St. West

## HERCULES Wire Bed Springs

Combine all the best qualities—  
**Elasticity Strength**  
**Comfort Cheapness**  
Fully covered by patents, they are the only up-to-date Bed Springs in the market. It is impossible for other makes to be as good value.  
**THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO.**

### Social and Personal.

The annual celebration of the Batoche Column is to be held in the Toronto Athletic Club on Wednesday next, May 11. The Batoche Column Association is composed of all the troops that were between Prince Albert and Qu'Appelle in 1885. A very large gathering is expected this year. On previous occasions they have always been cramped for room, but this year there will be ample room for all.

Miss Florence Coulter of Huron street is visiting Mrs. R. M. Graham, London.

Last Wednesday Col. and Mrs. Cosby remembered it was the anniversary of their wedding day and quietly celebrated, not forgetting a few intimate friends.

Mrs. Byron Hostetter was a beautiful young matron at the Horse Show on Wednesday evening in a rose and white frock and lace hat. Miss Macdonald of Kingston was another pretty stranger. Miss Antoinette Plumb wore a most becoming frock and hat, and Miss Bessie Macdonald a dainty navy and white foulard.

Mrs. Albert Macdonald is at Chudleigh with her mother, Mrs. Beardmore, who was as bright and interested as the youngest at the Horse Show on Wednesday.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne and her little daughter will be home about the middle of this month. Mr. Henry Osborne is shortly leaving for a summer on the Continent.

The annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence will be held on the Queen's birthday in the grounds on Power street. This is always an enjoyable affair.

The Wheeling Club took their first run

## WILLIS DRAMATIC SCHOOL

and Canadian Academy of Dramatic Art  
Under the personal direction of Mr. Ernest Willis, late of Mrs. Bernard Beere's London Company, also of Kyrie Bellew and Mrs. T. G. Fother's dramatic organizations. Two years under Mons. Marius, the celebrated French actor and stage manager. Pupils thoroughly instructed in all that pertains to **READING, ACTING, ORATORY**. Terms for night classes moderate. Day pupils taught privately. Mr. Willis will give readings, and entertain privately at clubs, etc., one night in each week. Terms on application. **STUDIO—114 YONGE ST., TORONTO**

Sow the...

## "Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed

And you will have a beautiful lawn. It's much cheaper and better than sodding.

Per lb. 25c.  
Special Packet 10c.

**The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.**

THE ONLY GENUINE HUNYADI WATER.

## Hunyadi János

BEST AND SAFEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities, for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indigestion in diet.

"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."

"The prototype of all Bitter Waters." "Absolutely constant in composition."

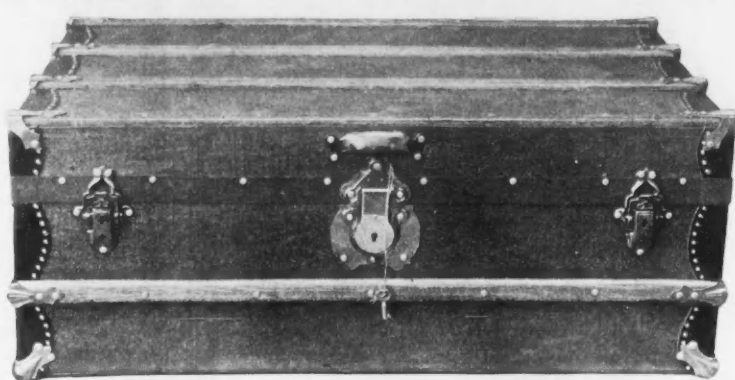
ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

**CAUTION: See that the label bears the signature of the firm Andreas Saxlehner.**

## The STEAMER TRUNK

Is an Indispensable Convenience for the Tourist.

Kit Bags  
Suit Cases  
Club Bags  
and  
Traveling  
Bags  
of all  
Descriptions



Dress Trunks  
Basket Trunks  
Rugs  
Carryalls.  
Everything  
in  
Fine Traveling  
and  
Leather Goods

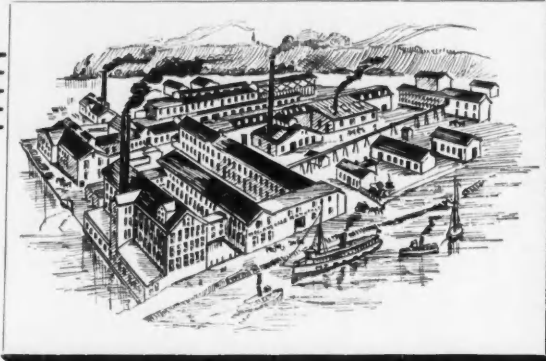
Made by **The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED** 105 King St. W. TEL. 233

## Do You Know

We have the most complete and best equipped Bicycle factory in Canada, and that the "WELLAND VALES" are sold by 350 agents in Canada alone. Our output will be larger than any other manufacturer. Nothing but praise comes from all those who have ridden them.

## WELLAND VALE MFG. Co. Limited

Toronto Store—147-149 Yonge Street. St. Catharines, Ont



CANADIAN WHEELS  
CANADIAN MEN  
CANADIAN FIRM

last week. Among the ladies riding were: Miss Plummer, the Misses Elmsley, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Macdonald, Miss Josephine Smith, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Lash, Miss Helen Law, Miss Montzambert, Miss Macdougall and Miss Playfair. The Maplehurst Club is also looking forward to a pleasant summer.

The Bishop of Algoma, Right Rev. Dr. Thornloe, was the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson at Howden Holme. Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson returned from New York last Monday evening.

Mr. Cecil Brown, who has been for about three years in the West Indies, returned home to Toronto this week.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower gave a dinner on Thursday evening for her guests, Mrs. Plumb and Miss Dickson.

Mrs. Mackenzie gave an informal tea on Friday at Benvenuto for Mrs. Porteous of Montreal.

Mrs. Herbert Mason of Erneleigh returned from Daunsville this week.

Mr. Allison Bishopric of Toronto was married to Miss Gazley of Cincinnati on April 27, and they are at present visiting some of the Eastern cities before returning to Toronto about May 20.

Mrs. Retta Long gave a very sensible and thoughtful "talk" in the theater of the Normal School on the evening of April 26. Her remarks on the five varieties of temper one can meet, touched up some of us pretty smartly; and her ideas on child education are exceedingly sensible and practical. Considering that this was only the fourth time Mrs. Long has lectured, she is one of the year's most marked successes.

Now to Business—Garments.

This is closing day of the Horse Show and Military Tournament. Next the O. J. C. races; but of that later. Society will in the interim give more thought for the everyday things of living than for sport, and not least among the considerations will be man's summer garb. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, is putting special stress on the fact of having the grandest range of fine woollens especially made for him for his high-class trade in dressy suits for business. And the fact that there are a hundred or more suit lengths in the choicest of weaves and color effects, no two of which are alike, is a feature in Mr. Taylor's trade which is highly appreciated by particular dressers, and only needs the hint to make men think of the greater satisfaction there is in having such forethought in buying, and backed up by a Dominion reputation for the highest quality in workmanship and finish.

The Q. O. R. Concert.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Q. O. R. Male Chorus Club concert on May 12. The plan is rapidly filling up.

## New Jaunty Styles of Blouse Suits are Ready

The most handsome suits are \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Cheaper ones in same styles, not so fine in quality but good for wear and service, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.

Every mother is pleased with the great variety of Boys' Clothing at

## OAK HALL, Clothiers

115 to 121 King Street East - Toronto



Hardware and Bicycles

## Rambler Bicycles

Rambler Bicycles \$70.00

Ideal Bicycles \$30.00 to \$50.00

Bertram Wilson & Co.

53 YONGE STREET  
161 YONGE STREET

## SUMMER STOVES

## Gurney's Oxford Gas Ranges

FROM \$6.00 UPWARDS

## TABLE GAS STOVES

FROM 20c. UPWARDS

FOR SALE BY

GEORGE HOOPER, 1366 Queen West  
A. WELSH, 302 Queen West  
HALLAM FURNACE CO., 212 Queen West  
JAMES WESTWARD, 630 Queen West  
J. F. ROSS, 360 Queen West  
S. J. GREY, 108 Queen East  
JOHN GIBBS, 73 Queen East  
F. G. WASHINGTON, 78 Queen East  
W. H. SPARKMAN, 87 Queen West  
GIBSON & THOMPSON, 43 Yonge Street  
J. S. HALL, 1563 Yonge Street

GEORGE BOXALL, 231 Yonge Street  
JOHN ADAMS, 88 Bathurst Street  
E. W. CHARD, 34 College Street  
FIDDES & HOWARTH, 20 Jarvis Street  
TORONTO FURNACE CO., 141 Queen East  
WHEELER & HAIN, 179 King East  
HARKLEY BROS., 43 Spadina Avenue  
C. V. A. ELMAN, 367 Parliament Street  
FRED. ARMSTRONG, 277 Queen West  
R. FLETCHER, 142 and 141 Dundas Street  
T. E. HALL, Toronto Junction

See Grand Display No. 181 Yonge St.

OPPOSITE EATON'S

## The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

"Can I see your mistress?" New servant—She isn't dressed yet, sir, but I'll ask her.—Life.

"The only trouble with my profession," said an ex-convict, "is that it is apt to be rather a confining one."—Bazar.

## UGH!

That's nice!



## Tetley's TEAS

25  
Ideas  
for 1 cent

THEY are yours for a post card—twenty-five ideas in Radiators. Each idea represents a style of its own for a definite purpose, for all folks who use (or want to) Radiators that won't leak, and

give quick, positive circulation in a minute after the heat is turned on.

Twenty five ideas for a cent—isn't it worth your while to send for them and thus know all about the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag? The originators of the Screw Nipple connection that does away with bolts, rods, packing, and absolutely prevents even a suspicion of a leak.

## The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co.

LIMITED  
Toronto, Ont.

## Spring-time

IS THE...

## Ring-time

In Solitaire Diamond Rings we show an immense assortment from \$5 up to \$500. As to Wedding Rings our prices will soon convince you of sterling values.

## SGHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS

90 YONGE ST.

THE CRADLE, ALTAR AND THE TOMB.

Births.

LE VESCONTE—April 24, Mrs. R. C. Le Vesconte—a daughter.  
FOTHERINGHAM—April 29, Mrs. J. T. Fotheringham—a son.  
CUHITT—Bosmanville, April 28, Mrs. F. C. TEW—April 19, Mrs. Richard Tew—a daughter.  
ERVEN—New Hamburg, May 1, Mrs. H. A. Ernst—a son.  
ORR—St. Augustine, Florida, April 29, Mrs. S. L. Orr—a son.  
SISLEY—Agincourt, April 30, Mrs. O. Sisley—a son.  
WAINWRIGHT—Owen Sound, May 2, Mrs. John Wainwright—a son.  
JEFFREY—St. Catharines, May 3, Mrs. John S. Jeffrey—a son.

Marriages.

COX—GRAND—On Wednesday evening, April 27, 1898, at Crawford, New Jersey, by Rev. Geo. F. Green, Ada L. Grand, eldest daughter of Joseph and Emma Grand, formerly of Toronto, to Stephen J. Cox, attorney and counselor-at-law, N. Y.  
SINGER—STEWART—May 2, Edward Seigmond Singer to Annie Stewart.  
LAUDER—RUSSELL—April 27, Edward S. Lauder to May H. F. Russell.  
DAVIS—KENNEDY—April 16, Charles Davis to Minnie Kennedy.  
SMITH—BUTCHER—April 28, W. H. Smith to Edna Archibald Butcher.  
RITCHIE—QUINN—April 26, F. W. Ritchie to Emile Quinn.  
STYER—BYRCHOLDER—Unionville, April 18, Charles H. Styer to Maud S. Byrholder.  
KIDD—SCULLEN—April 28, William G. Kidd to Phoebe A. Scullen.  
BAIN—WEATHERSTON—April 20, William Bain to Alicia Constance Weatherston.  
ROTH—MCMICHAEL—April 28, Ernest R. Roth to Florence May McMichael.

Deaths.

MACWILLIAMS—April 30, in Boston, Ella M., wife of Charles C. MacWilliams.  
FRANCY—Markham, April 28, Jane Francy, aged 77.  
MCCLAIN—Barrie, April 29, John McClain, aged 82.  
HARDY—Guadalajara, Mexico, April 29, Harry Ryerson Hardy, aged 43.  
MARSHALL—London, April 28, H. Wilberforce Marshall.  
PINNING—April 29, Emma Minnie Pinning, aged 28.  
LEE—April 28, Margery Lee, aged 70.  
REED—April 30, Mary Reed.  
MACGREGOR—April 27, Marion Kerr Mac-

## From India and Ceylon

Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

## Best of Tea Value

no matter which grade is purchased.

THEY are yours for a post card—twenty-five ideas in Radiators. Each idea represents a style of its own for a definite purpose, for all folks who use (or want to) Radiators that won't leak, and

give quick, positive circulation in a minute after the heat is turned on.

Twenty five ideas for a cent—isn't it worth your while to send for them and thus know all about the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag? The originators of the Screw Nipple connection that does away with bolts, rods, packing, and absolutely prevents even a suspicion of a leak.

## The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co.

LIMITED  
Toronto, Ont.

Gregor, aged 54, BROUGHTON—Goderich, April 28, Mary Austwick Brough.  
MCCORD—May 1, Miss Susan McCord, aged 90.  
STAFFORD—May 4, Caroline Campbell Stafford.

## Watson's Cough Drops

Will Stop Your Cough Instantly and produce a soothing effect upon the vocal organs. TRY THEM.

J. YOUNG (ALICE MILLARD)  
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer  
359 YONGE ST. TELEPHONE 679

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION ON UPPER LAKES

The magnificent steamships of Canadian Pacific Steamship Line will leave Owen Sound at 5.00 p.m., after arrival of Steamship Express due to leave Toronto at 1.00 p.m.  
"Alberta," Tuesday, May 3  
"Athabasca," Thursday, May 5  
"Manitoba," Saturday, May 7  
And on corresponding days of week during navigation season of 1898, making connection at Sault Ste. Marie with "Soo Line," and at Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway for Northern United States points and at Port Arthur and Ft. William with Pacific Express for Canadian North-West, Kootenay, Cariboo, Pacific Coast, Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields.

For full particulars apply to any C. P. R. Agent or

C. E. McPHERSON

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

1 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A HIGHLAND HOLIDAY

Tourists' and Sportsmen's Literature

The following publications can be obtained upon application to agents Grand Trunk Railway System:  
"Muskoka: Land of Health and Pleasure," describing the picturesque Muskoka Lake region.  
"Muskoka Special Folder."  
"Thousand Islands Folder."  
"Gateways of Tourist Travel." An interesting guide-book published by the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing descriptive matter—towns, cities and scenery—along the lines of the Grand Trunk.  
"Guide to the Fishing and Hunting Resorts," on and in the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing reliable information in regard to Fish, Game, Hotels, Livery and general facilities.  
For all information regarding the Muskoka, Thousand Islands, etc., Georgian Bay District, Lakes of Huron, St. Mary Bay District, apply agents Grand Trunk Railway System, or to M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.